

MARCH 19, 1956

SPORTS

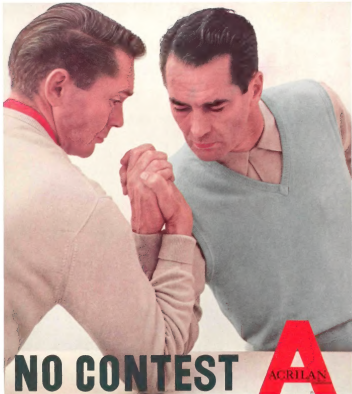
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IN THIS ISSUE
**THE FABULOUS
CABO BLANCO CLUB
IN COLOR**

**MARLIN
CHAMPION**
ALFRED GLASSELL JR.



A black and white photograph of two men arm wrestling. The man on the left is wearing a light-colored sweater with a red collar, and the man on the right is wearing a light blue V-neck sweater. They are both leaning in, straining, with their hands clasped in the center. The background is a plain, light color.

NO CONTEST



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COVER: ALFRED GLANDELL, JR., BLACK MARLIN CHAMPION
Photograph by Cornell Capa

Poised against Peru's black Cabo Blanco coast, Alfred C. Gandell, Jr., of Houston has good reason to be just one-third as proud of the 666-pound black marlin he has thrown with him as he was of another he caught in 1953. That one weighed 1,380 pounds and set a new world's record. For more on marlin at Cabo Blanco, see page 46.

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An SI Special

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At their informed-based meetings in Florida, ROBERT CUSUMERS discuss the World Champions ponder their picking and other matters, and HY FISKIN catches them with their hair—and their pants—down

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The favorite in basketball's National Invitation Tournament meet their chief in spectacular action before the color camera

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Peru's Cabo Blanco is the place GEORGE WILLER and CORNELL CAPA meet it in words and pictures

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE AMATEUR BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

A pretty Czech skater tells for first time in precise detail how it was to be a state-subsidized amateur under the Reds

TITLE FIGHT IN CHICAGO

Johnny Saxton and Blinky Palermo, first citizens of boxing's dirty business world, will be scrutinized by ringsters in Chicago, N.Y. video fans and SI in a go with Champ Beaulieu



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



ONE QUESTION that frequently comes my way is, "What has been the most talked about *SI* story?"

Recently, I've had a chance to ask the question of some of the country's outstanding sportscasters, and their answers provide, I think, an informal but highly interesting "survey."

Many of these experts in talking about sports agree with Bill Stern of ABC, who tags the series on boxing as our all-out "news-making" lead. "However," Bill added, "I got one of my finest reading thrills from the simple eloquence of your Connie Mack piece." At CBS, John Duer reported that Herb Wind's golf stories had given him more quotable information than anything else in *SI*. "Of course," said John, "golf just happens to be my favorite sport."

Commentator Bud Palmer, whose broadcasting experiences range from Madison Square Garden's Westminster Dog Show and the National Horse Show to hockey and, currently, basketball, credits *SCOREBOARD* as the feature he refers to most often. Bud also told me that a story so far removed from sport's ordinary events as a feature on girl cheerleaders had once very handily filled a program spot for him.

Walter (Red) Barber, in the first line of sportscasters more than 20 years, explained the diversity of opinion this way: "I keep and use bound volumes of *SI*. You see," said Barber, "the really important thing to me is that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* wouldn't be on my library shelf if I didn't truly believe in the magazine as a whole."

In a way, I suppose, Red takes the edge off my survey of most talked about stories in *SI*, because while boxing surely wins the informal poll, more talked about than any single story is the whole showense—the myriad of pleasant, colorful, significant, timely events that fill our pages and sport's weeks all year long.

Harry Phillips



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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



John Landy, world mile record holder (3:58), gallantly stopped to aid fallen opponent but made up lost 35 yards in plenty of time to win Australian mile championship and Olympic berth with good 4:04.2 clocking at Melbourne.



Betty Mullen, high school physical education teacher, newly christened 100-yard butterfly in amazing 1:04.3 (0:44 faster than world record) to pace Walter Reed Swim Club to world mark for 400-yard medley at Detroit (see below).

RECORD BREAKERS

Walter Reed Swim Club's swift young team-mate **Shelley Mann** (backstroke), **Mary Jane Shaw** (breaststroke), **Betty Mullen** (butterfly) and **Wanda Weaver** (freestyle), swamched through 400-yard medley in fantastic 4:03 at Detroit in special attempt, bettered own world short-course record by more than 10 seconds (March 8).

Philadelphia Warriors, fresh from title-clinching triumph over New York in Eastern Division of NBA, went all-out in next game, overhauled Boston Celtics 142-130 at Philadelphia for new league scoring mark (March 8).

Vale's championship sophomore **Johnny Lee** scored 41 points as Eile defeated Harvard 89-73 at New Haven, bringing his Ivy League total to 337, a new one-season standard (March 10).

Tommy Kono, barrel-chested Mideast strong boy, moved out of middleweight class to take crack at light-heavyweight world records, promptly passed 317½ pounds, lifted total of 977½ pounds to surpass two marks in Hawaiian A&U championships at Honolulu (March 10).

BOXING

Tony DeMarco, wild-punching former short-term welterweight titleholder, hit the canvas in first round but bounced back to belabor ailing (with infected left ear) lightweight Champion **Wallace (Red) Smith** with jabbing left hooks to stomach, won needle fight by TKO in sixth at Boston when Smith's seconds threw in towel.

Bary Calhoun, unbeaten young (21) middleweight sensation from White Plains, N.Y., scored game but outclassed Andre Tessler with right-hand smash in 8th, earned his 18th straight victory when referee stopped bout in New York.

Golden Gloves moved step closer to March 21 finale in New York's Madison Square Garden as Pittsburgh won eastern title in New York and St. Louis took western crown in Chicago.

TRACK AND FIELD

Wes Santee, given second legions by New York State Supreme Court in his running battle with AAU (see page 18), ran another "Santee" mile at *Mohawk Junior* games, walked home in 4:10.5, hopefully professed "I'll do better next week" after Billy Tidwell won "special" mile in 4:10.9.

Tom Courtney, muscular Fort Dix back private, roomed around 389th Regiment Armory in 1:52.2, fastest ever for flat four half mile, in Pioneer Club meet at New York. **Harold Dilard**, in twilight of long career, won hurdles as hithearts undefeated Lee Calhoun finished fourth.

HOCKEY

Clarkson outclassed St. Lawrence 7-4 for 21st victory, became nation's first unbeaten college team since Colgate turned trick in 1947 but will not compete in NCAA championships at Colorado Springs March 11-17. **Harvard**: seven seniors on 18-man squad are fourth-year players and ineligible for tournament under NCAA rules.

HORSE RACING

Bobby Bewala, reformed upstart now trained for long pull, broke in front, stayed there for full mile and three-quarters under able ride by **Jockey George Tsinganos** to win \$115,000 San Juan Capistrano Handicap on closing day at Santa Anita. Favored **Secret Outcast** finished fourth in field of 11.

Ragging Night, lanky chestnut 3-year-old, held his time while other horses set early pace, charged into lead in stretch to score by length in \$50,000 Louisiana Derby at Fair Grounds as New Orleans track completed 51st winter meeting.

BASKETBALL

Iowa's determined Hawkeyes put on second-half push against peppy Indiana, gained 84-73 victory, Big Ten title for second straight year, bid to represent conference in NCAA tournament (see page 21).

CURLING

Billy Walsh, 28-year-old Winnipeg curler, expertly slipped his Manitoba rink to 3-7 victory over Ontario's **Allen Phillips** in extra game after two games finished in tie during regular 10-game play-off at Montreal, N.B., took his second Canadian championship in five years.

FENCING

Navy's Jim Rusey outclassed Rutgers' **Nicholas Konikak** 5-0 in final saber bout to give Middlesea scant one-point edge over Columbia and Princeton and three-weapon

continued on page 6

FOCUS ON THE DEED



HOPE sends Valley High basketball rosters into a tizzy at Iowa girls state tournament game against Eldora at Des Moines.



DESPAIR stuns them into attitudes of disbelief as Eldora team takes commanding lead in the final minute, goes on to win 88-74.

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You owe it to your game to step into the pro shop and choose your set of these great new woods.



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SCOREBOARD continued from page 4



Master Sergeant
Hester L. Bonner,
veteran West Point
pistol shooter, outlived
500 hand gunners in
national midwinter
pistol championships
at Tampa, hit bull's-
eye often enough to
score 2,418 points
and win title for
sixth time.



Ben Aubrey, swift-
moving Aussie, made
easy transition from
infirmity to swim-
ming pool, freestyled
100 yards in world-
record time of 0:49
to help Yale over-
whelm Harvard 63-
21 for 142nd straight
dual meet victory at
New Haven, Conn.

honors in Intercollegiate Fencing Association
championships in New York.

GOLF

Leslie Suggs, freckled Sea Island, Ga. pro, kept her temper in check when bad behavior badly ("I was boiling"), dropped 16-foot downhill putt on final green to win her third Titleholders' championship by single stroke (202 to 203) when veteran Patty Berg's similar shot on same hole rimmed up at Augusta, Ga.

WRESTLING

Fit grapplers matched Penn State's three individual titles, barely outscored Military Lion 74-73 to take third straight Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Association crown at Bethlehem, Pa.

SKIING

Andrei Molterer, Austrian carpenter, slipped down hazardous 8,100-foot mountain side to take men's downhill, added victory in slalom to win Arberg Karoldekar title at Sestriere, Italy as Austria's triple Olympic champion Toni Sailer, who has done most of his training lately on banquet circuit, did poorly in both events.

MILEPOST

1000—Arthur F. Hofman, 71, continues major league; at St. Louis, known as Circus Billy, Hofman was Chicago Cubs' outfielder who threw ball to Johnny Evers to retire Fred Merkle in play which cost New York Giants pennant in 1903.

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL

EASTERN DIVISION		West.		N.Y.	
1. Phila.*	80-76	80-76	100-87	West.	80-76
2. N.Y.*	80-76	80-76	100-87	West.	80-76
3. N.Y.*	80-76	80-76	100-87	West.	80-76
4. N.Y.*	80-76	80-76	100-87	West.	80-76
5. N.Y.*	80-76	80-76	100-87	West.	80-76

WESTERN DIVISION

1. N.Y.*	80-76	80-76	100-87	West.	80-76
2. N.Y.*	80-76	80-76	100-87	West.	80-76
3. N.Y.*	80-76	80-76	100-87	West.	80-76
4. N.Y.*	80-76	80-76	100-87	West.	80-76
5. N.Y.*	80-76	80-76	100-87	West.	80-76

FOOTBALL

1000—Arthur F. Hofman, 71, continues major league; at St. Louis, known as Circus Billy, Hofman was Chicago Cubs' outfielder who threw ball to Johnny Evers to retire Fred Merkle in play which cost New York Giants pennant in 1903.

BASEBALL

1000—Arthur F. Hofman, 71, continues major league; at St. Louis, known as Circus Billy, Hofman was Chicago Cubs' outfielder who threw ball to Johnny Evers to retire Fred Merkle in play which cost New York Giants pennant in 1903.



LUNARING Mexican goalie makes futile leap for ball booted by Peruvian inside left (right foreground) in Pan-American tournament game at Mexico City. Peru was 2-0.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

*Why do you like the New York Yankees?
(Asked by a special correspondent at the
Itami Air Base, Japan)*



MISS YAE STUWHI



*Toyokuni City
Bookkeeper*

"Because Yankees have great heroes like Joe DiMaggio and Mike Ruth. All Japanese heard of them, know them good. Batters very powerful. Japanese not heard much of Dodger Bums. Bums in Japan they beat Yankees. Bums no can beat Yankees. Yankees very powerful. Good batters."

MR. YOSHITAKU MAJI



*Osaka City
Fireman*

"Yankees so different than others we see in Japanese sports. They have excellent pitchers. We have good pitchers, but Yankees have home-run maker, Mickey Mantle, and they have No. 1 catcher, the Yogi Berra. That Yogi have great name. Sound like name of god."

MISS TOMONO HATANAKA



*Kobe City
Sales clerk*

"Yankees are very complete ballplayers. They show us great baseball and with great showmanship. But they are complete players. They show sportsmanship, too. Like the same spirit in judo matches. Great men, the Yankees. They beat us badly in baseball. But we beat them in judo."

MR. SHAMU ENWAHAI*



*Saito City
Interpreter*

"Because Yankees are champions. They win all World Series. They lose to Dodgers because all good Yankee men hurt. Cannot play good. Dodgers lucky. Pitcher win who do not win all year. Yankees again win World Series. No? I bet you Japanese Kinross and two bottles Asahi beer."

MISS TATSURO ANIMOTO



*Kyoto City
Sales clerk*

"Yankees have very good teamwork, you know. You see them in New York, no? They are speedy in throwing because of good shoulders. That Casey Stengel he make Japanese laugh. Japanese not laugh much. But laugh for him. He is skilful for the change of pitchers. Make us lose every time."

MR. YASUO TOSU



*Kobe City
Newspaper editor*

"Yes. Japanese like great New York Yankees. Why? Because Yankees are fine people. They smile with us. They shake hands and eat with us. That head man, Stengel, he is the funny man. Japanese head man never funny. Stengel he no smile, but he make you laugh."

MRS. TAKANO EMORI



*Osaka City
Sales clerk*

"Yes, I like the Yankees baseballers. They are strong when they swing the bats and they are strong when they throw the baseballs. I wish they could show us more playing. Never can we see such wonderful baseball in Japanese baseballs. We are not big. But we like and we try."

MR. HIROSHI TOMITA



*Aomori City
Bass custodian*

"I am liking the Yankees all the time. They are great baseball nine, but that Yogi Berra is the one I like. He is somewhat brave, like natural. That Yogi Berra have great name. Easy to say, like Japanese name. Maybe he have Japanese ancestor. He no look like American."

MISS SAEKI SASAKI



*Hirooka
Special order clerk*

"I like all Yankees. Hardness men. But that great Yogi Berra is the great one. He is not the hardness boy but kind of boy I can think familiar with. Good guy. Japanese like him best. Yogi show us very good play. We like him stay and be No. 1 Japanese baseballer."

MR. YOSHIO FUKUSHIMA



*Osaka City
Osaka manager*

"There are they play the great game, like us. We cannot play like the Yankees, but they show us good pitching and base fast. Baseball

Japan's big sport. But when we talk baseball talk. With their Japanese, they say words like strike, ball, home, square play, blowup."

MR. HIROSHI MASHITA



*Osaka Prefecture
Owner of hotel shop*

"That is easy. Simple like always good morning. Minnie. Minnie the big room. He wants bigger Japanese love great men, big men, great singers. No Japanese like Minnie. Minnie. No Japanese play like great love-traveler. Minnie. My love-traveler, is easy for Yankees."

NEXT WEEK:

The U.S. Naval Academy sailing crew, which won the championship in the 1952 Olympics, has returned to port for the Olympic trials. Do you think they can make a comeback?



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TIP FROM THE TOP



For all golfers except extreme
low-handicap players

from JIMMY D'ANGELIS, Green Golf and Beach Club, Myrtle Beach, S.C.

A short approach to a fast green guarded by traps presents an interesting challenge with rewarding satisfactions. To hold the green by means of backspin (developed by punching the ball into the turf) requires considerable practice and skill, possibly more than the average golfer can bring to his occasional rounds. Accordingly, it's a wise decision for golfers to cultivate the lob type of approach, a shot which reduces the percentage of error and which does the job very well, too. When correctly executed, the lobbed pitch sends the ball up to the green in a very steep trajectory. The ball drops almost vertically onto the green, and little roll results.

In playing this shot, use a nine-iron or a pitching wedge. Take your stance with the ball an inch or so farther forward than usual. Allow yourself a backswing somewhat longer than you would use if you were planning to spunk a backspin approach the same distance and allow your wrists to cock freely. Swing smoothly and well through the ball. You will find that the ball will get up very quickly and sit down very well when it plops onto the green. This shot can be easily learned with a little practice and can be just as effective as the much more exacting backspin shot.



In following through, do not
whip the club around but let
it go out toward the hole

the ball is played slightly
farther forward than usual

allow yourself a
liberal backswing

NEXT WEEK: HARRY COOPER ON SPOTTING THE BALL

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THE SWIFT SAMARITAN • WES Santee LAPS THE A&U • TEMPEST
IN LITTLE RHODY • PACIFIC TUMBLOWS FOLLOWS QUAKE • PURE
MUD FOR THE AMERICAN LEAGUE • POWER OF POSITIVE SETTING

BEAU GESTE IN MELBOURNE

A SPRING commences in the northern half of the world, athletes in more than 50 countries will start work in earnest toward the big target: the Olympic Games in Melbourne next November. This has been a foul winter, and that may explain why the fervor for these Games has been far from wholesome in the past few months. Through the winter, at such times as it has not been diverted by the alleged wranglings of Wes Santee, the interest of many has been consumed by the big unnecessary question of whether the United States or Russia will "win" the Games.

No country is supposed to win, of course, and while Olympic officials have been pointing this out from almost every platform except swinging chandeliers, there is still a tendency among well-wishers to keep the national rivalries going. In Washington this winter, Congressman Torbert MacDonald, an old sportsman who should know better, proposed that the government reimburse our athletes for expenses incurred while preparing for the 1956 Games. Congressman MacDonald was thus taking a seat very close to Arpad Csaky, the secretary of the Hungarian Olympic Committee, who this winter advised the free world that the way to build Olympic strength is to give the government a hand in it, as Hungary does.

Meanwhile, happily, sportsmen in the southern hemisphere have been enjoying in the good warm air and last Saturday came a pleasant story from the Australian track and field championships in Melbourne, where John Landy had promised to run a truly fast mile.

Landy was churning along, as good as his word, when the runner in front

of him, a promising 19-year-old named Ron Clarke, stumbled and fell. John Landy sailed over him, making Clarke's arm with hisopipes.

Nothing in the rule books dictated what Landy did next. It is quite conventional for a runner in what was then Landy's position to give his fallen rival the briefest of pitying backward glances—while racing on. In the split instant, however, John Landy consulted John Landy. Then he stopped, turned back to help Clarke.

"Go on, John, go on," cried Clarke. "Don't worry about me."

Landy hesitated, then ran on. Well, he overtook the field one by one and charged to the tape to win in 4:04.3, as the crowd belted its happiness. "This," said an eyewitness named Bruce Sarnoff, who was Roger Hanstater's coach, "is the most gallant action I have seen in a lifetime."

The prize to help Clarke has possibly cost Landy a world record. In making the decision he did, however, John Landy set the world a pretty good sporting standard.

EXERCISE IN MILWAUKEE

A NEW YORK JUDGE dined Wes Santee with legal DDT for the second week in a row—thus guaranteeing that any latest professionalism which might cling to him as a result of his "lifetime ban" by the A&U positively would not be catching within the U.S. for another six days—and the Kansas Jackrabbit got into a plane forthwith, flew west and ran a mile in the *Milwaukee Journal* games.

His second reprieve stemmed from Supreme Court Justice Irving L. Levy's refusal to take final action in

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Australian officials have reversed an earlier decision and will now build a circular training track adjacent to the Olympic Village in order to give runners a harder exercise course. Among the Melbourne facilities for training and competition will be new gymnasiums for gymnasts, four halls each for basketball teams and volleyball players, three halls for fencers, eight rings for boxers and wrestlers, three hockey fields and four soccer fields.

World motorcycle speed records probably will be broken at Donnersville Salt Flats in late July, when a German team of riders, tuners and mechanics will try to surpass New Zealander Russell Wright's 145 mph and perhaps hit the 200-mile mark, the four-minute mile of cycling.

Hans Günther Winkler, world champion rider in 1954 and 1955, has had his amateur status confirmed by the German Olympic Committee and, having an anti-fur veto

by the International Equestrian Federation, will compete at the Stockholm Olympics in June. Winkler was disqualified for the first Olympics because he had given riding lessons to General Eisenhower and other Allied officers.

Milwaukee Braves' advance ticket sales have passed the one million mark, which is more than some other clubs will draw all season long. Last year Milwaukee drew 2,000,000, topping teams of both leagues. The all-time record: Cleveland, in 1946, with 2,000,000.

Televized football next autumn will be much like last year's under an agreement between the National Broadcasting Company and the National Collegiate Athletic Association. There will be a nationally televised game on seven Saturdays and Thanksgiving, with regional TV, as determined by colleges and conferences, on five Saturdays.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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the Santos case without a formal trial, which was set for this Thursday. "Even a hardened criminal—which Mr. Santos is not—has a right," the judge said, "to a certificate of reasonable doubt." Nevertheless, neither the court's action nor the Milwaukee race constituted much of a triumph for Santos. As in New York's Knights of Columbus games, most of the riders entered in the meet decided to withdraw and run a special race of their own—just in case Wey's unfairly might later prove more infectious than it seemed.

Though Santos promised to "run like mad" and though a record crowd of 10,000 cheered him faintly, he could do no better than 3:10.5 against two run-of-the-mill service athletes who consented to appear with him. Because of the charge of professionalism, it seemed that Wey might hereafter be running, if not otherwise, just for exercise—a harshly unattractive concept.

DR. LAUD:

THERE is hardly a phase of human endeavor, from abalone culture to ether tuning, which has not been lauded by legislators somewhere in the U.S. since the Republic was founded. Even so, it is rather exciting to be able to report that athletic prowess, too, is deemed worthy of legislative commendation in the State of Rhode Island. For a moment there it looked as though the legislature of Rhode Island was going to refuse to cheer athletics—in fact it looked as though it was going to disavow two young, clean-living local boys well-known to the local voters.

Well, perhaps that is going too far. The senate of the State of Rhode Island was all for athletics from the start. State Senator Francis Joseph LaFollette rose and proposed a resolution commending 1) Hockey Player Camille Henry, wingman for the Rhode Island Reds, and 2) Basketball Player Billy Von Wayne of the University of Rhode Island. The senate simply droned "Aye," and went on about its business. But when the resolution reached the house, cries of pain arose.

"Where are we going to stop?" cried Representative Robert E. Lee. "I believe in the dignity of this house. When we place athlete prowess in the same category as honoring distinguished citizens, well . . ."

"I bet on a horse that won at Lincoln Downs the other day," said Representative E. Rex Coman. "As far as

I'm concerned he deserves a commendation too. . . ."

"Has anybody," called Speaker Harvey Curvin, "got an Alreide dog that caught a woodchuck lately?" Then, however, he hastily banged the gavel and put the resolution over to the next day's calendar. Next day the house



passed it, perhaps after reflecting on the "distinguished citizens" it had honored the year before. These included one high school football player, one high school hockey team and one grammar school basketball team, as well as a member of the state senate for "wealth of praise received at a testimonial dinner," a state employee named Joseph Passano (a living elected president of the Northeast Mosquito Control Association) and Patrick B. McGlinch for his "efforts to develop the service of the New Haven Railroad."

BUMBLE ON THE COAST

THE EASTING CASE INTERRUPTED the University of Washington chess fund scandal—SI, Feb. 28—seemed to have set up sympathetic vibrations all along the Pacific Coast. There was soul searching—or a reasonable facsimile thereof—in high places. There was also a new set of sad faces, this time in Los Angeles—as ex-UCLA halfback named George Stephenson told the Oakland Tribune that everybody on Red Sanders' traveling squad as well as a good many less favored players were handed \$400 fines at the conference last of 1975 a month when he was there in 1953.



AUCTIONER CASUALTY

*He went to sleep
And just did nothing
He heard them about "Step,"
But held out for fire.*

—A. R. FOSTERMAN

Stephenson left UCLA for the Marine Corps in 1953, returned last fall, transferred to the University of California, then dropped out of school because he could not make enough to support his wife. Athletic authorities did not overlook this rather disappointed academic career, nor the fact that Stephenson was not a very hot football player. They did not directly deny his charges; they threw mud at them because instead. "I'm sure," said Coach Red Sanders obliquely, "that a combination of mine would make any such secret deals. Stephenson himself . . . wasn't worth what he was given under the conference rules." Said a coach at California "A, malcontent."

The halfback, however, was especially spiteful in his charges. "An assistant coach handled all this business," he said. "He gave me a slip of paper with an address in Westwood and told me to go twice about the third, to the month to pick up my \$400. He told me to sign my name to the list and collect the money." Last fall, he added, he was told that he would not get the extra \$400 unless he made the varsity squad, but that if he did so it would be paid retroactively—*even if it took him until the final game of his senior year to qualify.*

His charges, plus others, that UCLA, too, had been tapping an alumni club fund were not, however, without effect. Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, top administrative officer of both the University of California and UCLA, launched an investigation to "learn whether or not the pledge of the university to abide by the rules is being reported faithfully by those responsible for their enforcement." He was deeply concerned, he said, "that there shall be enforcement without sophistry or subterfuge." Ignored Victor H. Schmidt, whose Pacific Coast Conference committee said: "These charges are of a serious nature and will be given full attention."

But it was fast-talking Harvey Kree—who has scandalized a good many people himself by his unabashed efforts to boost non-Romero to a top spot in football's pecking order—who really spoke out on the UCLA case. "George Stephenson has the right approach," he cried. "It's a national scandal. I don't care how bad a football player Stephenson was. That's no answer to what he says. The corner the business of paying college football players is put on an above-board basis, the answer . . . we'll be through with hypocrisy. There should be a fund to pay players but it should be under the scrutiny of the president of the university. The

alumni shouldn't contribute to any fund which will be used illegally to demoralize youth. Everybody," concluded Harvey, "is guilty."

VINTAGE MUD

A COFFEE CAN filled with mud was shipped a couple of weeks ago to each of the baseball teams in the American League. It is a rare and very superior mud, found only in New Jersey's Pennsauken Creek, a tributary of the Delaware River, and its use to baseball is both unique and one of those imponderables which would be difficult to evaluate.

The service is valuable enough, at any rate, to keep league umpires busy for the rest of the season dipping their hands into the mud before each game.



and carefully smearing it over the 99 baseballs which are the quota allotment for a nine-inning game. As they wash and rub, the gloss which was on the horseshoe when the balls left the factory disappears and there emerges a white but unshining baseball fit for a pitcher's grip. The peculiar virtue of Pennsauken mud is that it takes the

gloss off baseballs without discoloring them or closing their seams.

The mud is the exclusive discovery of Russell (Lena) Blackburne, who is 69 years old now and last year rounded out 45 years in baseball including a tour of duty as Chicago White Sox manager in 1926. He got his start as a mud merchant when Harry Gelad, then an American League umpire, mentioned baseball's need of a dirt which would do the deglossing job. "See if you can find some, Lena," he suggested. That was in 1903.

Some time later Lena was tramping through a meadow on the banks of the Pennsauken about 10 miles from his Palmyra, New Jersey home. There before him, revealed by the ebbing tide, was a limitless supply of the kind of mud an umpire dreams about. It was a singularly clean cone, scrubbed of mud and littered by the ebbing and flow and confluence of the creek's branches. And it took the slick off horseshoe like nothing else.

Each winter now, usually in February if the weather is right, Lena and a fellow townsman, Al Smith, the only other man to know the exact source of the mud, fetch it in buckets at low tide. They take it to the Blackburne basement, where Lena puts something into the mud—he won't say what—to cure it. There it stays for a year, aging and mellowing. Then he and Mrs.

Blackburne put it into one-pound coffee cans and ship it away. For this service to baseball he is paid a nominal fee. He won't say how much.

Since each club gets two cans—one for training, one for the regular season—Lena is hard-pressed for coffee cans. He gets help from Father William Quinn's Sacred Heart rectory, which saves all its coffee cans for him.

Before the discovery of the Pennsauken mud, baseball was troubled by varieties which were either too sandy or too gummy. The American League saw its value as early as 1916, and in recent years it has been going to the teams of the National League and of the American Association, where Blackburne's friend Gelad is head umpire. (This year the National League's name is mud to Lena. They have been busy in placing their order for the 1936 supply, and Lena has about decided to cross them off his list.)

Pitchers are particularly fond of his mud, Lena says, because it gives them a better grip on the ball. He has some criticism, however, of the umpires who use it. "Some of them put too much water in it," he says. He recommends that they massage the balls gently. "Do not," he says, "rub too hard."

Now, however, Lena is threatened by automation. The American League has long been experimenting with a

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ALICE

"Down, Chie! Down! Sir, could you direct me to the shortest train? . . . Down, Chie!"

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factory-dugested ball and had expected delivery this season. However, the machines did a poor, mass-produced job and, though engineers are working on the problem, Leas's monopoly is safe for now. And if the machines still can't handle the job next year, Leas has a supply for 1987 aging right now in his cellar, acquiring, through time's mysterious processes, those distinguished properties which have made Pennequin mud what it is today.

THE SPORTING OUTLOOK

THE NATIONAL appetite for sports, not at all slayed by television's onslaught, bland diet, seems more vigorous than ever. The Morning Telegraph and the Daily Racing Form, sister publications founded on the principle that the future may be judged by past performance, have just completed their ninth annual survey of sports attendance and make it clear that we are by no means housebound.

We are, in fact, getting out to the track, the ball park and the stadium in greater numbers. The Telegraph and the Form are understandably proud that, if you combine Thoroughbred and harness racing, horse-follower in our No. 1 spectator sport with a total 1985 attendance of 59,473,492, an increase of about 65,000 over 1984. But all sports have reason to be proud.

Organized baseball, which led spectator sports until 1983, when racing passed it in the stretch, showed a neat gain in attendance—40,551—for a year's total of 35,660,208, even though the TV-sickened minor leagues sold 620,951 fewer tickets. Attendance in the major leagues was 16,617,383—a rise of 432,546.

There are similar figures for other sports (football had the biggest increase of any, 15,838,616 fans attending college and pro games, 636,846 more than in 1984), and the net effect is that sport has been having itself a boom. Basketball, hockey and even boxing are up. No sport, taken as a whole, seems to be losing customers.

There are, in fact, indications that, given decent access to suitable arenas, many more fans might be lured from their TV settees to ringside. In Bangor, Maine recently, lumberjacks in their woods blues and business men in their neat blue suits sat down together to observe Vince Martineau, the once-grounded welterweight, stab stylishly at a trial horse named Pucke Meiner

10 pony rounds, every one of which Martineau won. Bangor's population is \$1,448 and the paying audience numbered 4,312. After federal and state taxes the gate receipts were \$5,594. Not a million-dollar gate, to be sure, but much better than some considerably larger cities have seen. One reason for the turnout was Bangor's new \$1,400,000, multipurpose, 8,000-seat civic auditorium, where the Philadelphia Warriors and the Boston Celtics have played to 4,500 in a workleague game, where an ice show drew 62,000 patrons in nine performances, and where more than 25,000 thronged the sidelines on two successive weekends to watch a couple of schoolboy basketball tournaments.

This is the stuff which leads Jason P. Gorman Jr., radio-TV executive and promoter of the boxing show, to roar that "Bangor is the hottest sports city in the United States." He notes that the Sullivan-LaBuis fight at Syracuse (population 221,000) drew but 1,500 paid admissions (it was televised) and a gate of \$4,255.

"The same fight in Bangor, Maine," says Gorman, "would have drawn \$10,000 or I'll eat every surplus potato in Aroostook County."

It is entirely possible that Bangor, for mysterious reasons, is just naturally the new, wild frontier of sports. But it is also possible that other cities

could use new sports centers and all sports could use self-confident promoters like Gorman, who are not afraid to look an Aroostook potato squarely in the eye.

JUST LIKE MAGIC

THE PROPRIETORS of the Caliente (Maine) Future Book announced their opening line on the Kentucky Derby last week, and up to a point it made pretty good sense to the scanning public eye. There was Needle, winner of the Flamingo Stakes (SL March 5) at 3 to 1. There was Career Boy, C. V. Whitney's highly rated colt, at 4 to 1. Terrang, winner of the Santa Anita Derby, was down at 12 to 1. But, wait a minute! Terrang's stable mate, Like Magic, was listed at 50 to 1.

Bettors all over the country remembered two things about Like Magic. He had finished only fourth in the Santa Anita Derby, but his owner, Rex Kilworth, and Mike Tenney, were reported (SL March 13) to be even higher on him than on Terrang.

Within 24 hours, just like magic, Caliente got \$104,000 worth of Kentucky Derby wagers on the horse at 50 to 1. In this week's revised Caliente odds: Needle 3 to 1, Career Boy 4 to 1, Terrang 12 to 1, Like Magic is 10 to 1.

SPECTACLE

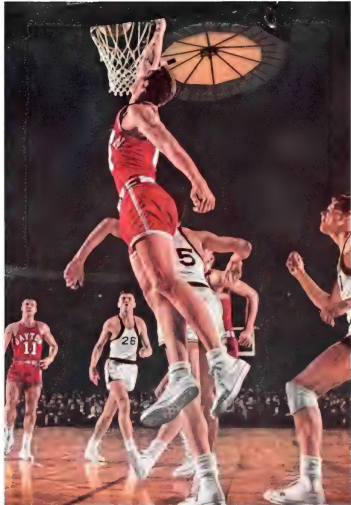
HIGH AND HANDSOME

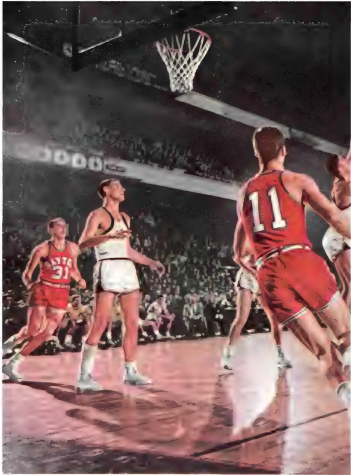
That is the way Dayton has played all year to gain

national ranking and a favorite's role in the NIT

Perhaps no team in college basketball is more representative of the game's modern trend toward treetop height than the University of Dayton Flyers. Led by Bill Uhl, the 7-foot All-America neatly dropping a ball through the basket on the opposite page, Dayton has won 23 games, a No. 3 national ranking and the top-seeded spot in this year's National Invitation Tournament with a squad which includes five members towering at least 6 feet 6 inches above the gleaming hardwood floor and three more who stand 6 feet 4. Even with a 5-foot 11-inch midget such as their playmaker, Ray Dieringer, to pull down the average, the starting Dayton five which trots onto the Madison Square Garden court next week for its first tournament game will check in at a mean of 6 feet 5½, a figure which would have startled the basketball world of two decades ago. For a preview of Dayton's NIT chances and a rundown of the rival National Collegiate Athletic Association playoffs, turn to page 21.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ST. PIERRE





As high-scoring teammates Jim Palmer (31) and Jim Parsons (11) cut toward basket to protect an rebound, Dayton's giant



Bill Uhl hooks ball over outstretched hand of Iowa's Le Roy Scott in a regular-season game at Madison Square Garden.



Soaring high above 6-foot 6-inch Ready Rickhardt at left, UHL flips rebound back for Dwyer score.

IT'S DAYTON AND THE DONS

by ROY TERRELL

Basketball's twin-tournament finale presents two big problems: how to stop San Francisco and the Flyers

THEORETICALLY, there is a good, simple formula for determining the best college basketball team in the U.S. After three and a half months of competition in the provinces, the best teams of the lot are herded under one roof and, if you like, the door is locked. When the hoopster stop rattling, out marches the survivor—champion of the year.

It is an appealing theory but, unfortunately for mankind's pursuit of categorical certainties, the United States is a land of three million square miles and almost as many basketball teams—a surprisingly large number of which are surprisingly good; good enough at any rate, as they have been demonstrating all season, to surprise each other on odd weekends and further confuse the postseason picture. As a result, for a number of years there has been room for not one but two major tournaments, the National Collegiate Athletic Association playoffs and the National Invitation Tournament. Each has its own claim to superiority, each its dedicated following among the fans.

Into Madison Square Garden this weekend, for the 19th consecutive year, come the teams that have been the backbone of the NIT, independent nonconference schools such as Dayton and Louisville, St. Joseph's and Duquesne, and a few such as St. Louis and Oklahoma A & M who were strong runners-up in open-minded conferences which belong to the NCAA but still permit members to play in the rival tournament. The doors will close and a week later, in an afternoon contest to be played before a national television audience of millions, the champion will emerge. At least the survivor will be the NIT champion and almost certainly the best independent team in the country.

But while the NIT conforms to one part of the formula, the NCAA is much better equipped to handle another—deciding which one of the thousands which started the season is really the best college basketball team in the land. This year the NIT listed only two members of the Associated Press's Top Ten (see bar)—Dayton (No. 2) and Louisville (No. 6)—while the NCAA was capturing a total of six and 11 out of the top 20. Lined up on the side of the NCAA are all the major conferences with their regional followings, and into the playoffs will pour Iowa of the Big Ten, UCLA of the

Pacific Coast Conference, Kentucky of the Southeastern, North Carolina State of the Atlantic Coast, SMU of the Southwest, Houston of the Missouri Valley, Kansas State of the Big Seven and a handful of others. There will also be a smattering of independents willing to take a long shot at glory through the greater prestige of the NCAA. And, of course, there will be San Francisco.

Theoretically again, the two best teams, after climbing over the recurrent forms of early-round challengers, should meet in the finale for the championship. But the NCAA playoffs are so sprawling that no such guarantee is possible. In fact, basketball men are beginning to believe that the best game of this year's tournament will take place not in the finale at Evansville, Ind., on March 23 or in the semifinals the night before or even in the quarter-finals at one of four different locations across the country on March 17, but in a second-round game Friday, March 16, in Corvallis, Oregon. It is then that San Francisco runs into UCLA.

The chief riddle that has confronted college basketball for nearly two years is when—and how—is someone going to stop San Francisco? Over a stretch of 51 games, 28 of them this season, the defending NCAA champions have gone undefeated. Bill Russell, a 6-foot 10-inch rebounding and defensive genius, has been almost unanimously accepted as a super star. His teammate K. C. Jones, meanwhile, has bewildered opponents with leechlike guarding and sparkling leadership and earned an All-America rating in his own right. The Dons have height and speed, great depth and a reputation as the finest defensive team in the country.

"Better than the Kentucky team of Gross, Beard and Jones," Duquesne's Dudley Moore once called them.

"I believe San Francisco could enter the pe league," says basketball's touring ambassador, Chuck Taylor, "and hold its own with all but the top teams."

"You can't stop Russell," says the UCLA coach, Johnny Wooden. "The best you can hope to do is contain him. And you can't even contain him on defense—he contains you."

Why then do a surprising number of those who should know better think UCLA has a chance to stop San Francisco? Well, there are several reasons.

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Based on the Associated Press national poll. Team standings after week 10 of season.)

	Points
1.—San Francisco (50)	1,521
2.—North Carolina State (49)	809
3.—Dayton (22)	790
4.—Iowa (18)	768
5.—Richmond (20)	753
6.—Louisville (11)	583
7.—Southern Methodist (15)	460
8.—UCLA (13)	395
9.—Kentucky (12)	382
10.—Miami	351

BY COLLEGE FOOTBALL STANDINGS—see page 11.
 11.—Cincinnati (12), 311; 12.—Texas (10), 301;
 13.—Holy Cross (1), 121; 14.—Tulane (1), 116;
 15.—Kansas (10), 100; 16.—Duke (1), 95;
 17.—Ole Miss (1), 81; 18.—Miami (1), 75;
 19.—Ole Miss (1), 71; 20.—Kent (1), 61.

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'HOW TO DO IT AGAIN'

That is the question facing the field command of Brooklyn's '55 champions. And they think they know the answer

by ROBERT CREAMER

EACH WEEKEND, AFTER PRAYER in Dodgertown, the converted Air Force base in Vero Beach, Fla., where the Brooklyn Dodgers train, Manager Walter Alston and his coaching gather in their dressing room in an intentional parody of the classic meeting of the board of directors. There, in various stages of dress and undress as they shed the flannels and spurs of the ball field for the sport shirt and slacks of the Florida vacationer, they talk over the problems of their business: not questioned production and sales and profits, but whether Stan Williams, a promising rookie pitcher, is getting his fast ball over; and whether Jim Gentile, a promising rookie first baseman, is still swinging too hard at the plate; and how the Wes Hesse's back is, and what about the young infielders—now or none of whom may be called upon to fill in for the aging Ross—look particularly good.

These are all specifics of the general problem facing this ballplayer board of directors. Last year they won the baseball championship of the world. This year they have to beat all over again to please their voracious stockholders.

Last year their problems were pretty much the same as this year and probably every spring. In baseball work the veterans into shape, train the rookies, develop a high-speed pitching staff, choose the strongest combination of players for the season-long roster. There was, however, one notable difference—last spring, "disension" was the headline word out of Dodgertown. The Dodgers were quarreling, reports said. Unpleasantness, it was claimed. This year, that, at least, is different.

Last week, before the Dodgers flew out of Dodgertown to open their spring exhibition schedule with the Boston Red Sox in Miami, they lost a game to the slightly young Sox as Alston substituted his shaky rookie pitchers with a pattern entrance that during the regular season would be unthinkable—there was an intersquad game at Dodgertown, and in the intersquad game there was a rimpay. An outfielder made a wobbly throw and the second baseman



WITH BOARD-ROOMER INTENTNESS, ALSTON AND COACHES TALK

(continued on page 11)



PITLIN AND JOE BECKER (FOREGROUND) AND BILLY HERNANDEZ (REAR) READ POST-PRACTICE REPORT BY COACH BILLY HERNANDEZ (RIGHT).

HOW TO DO IT AGAIN

continued from page 22

relayed it poorly to the plate. In the confusion a run scored. A mild but spirited dispute arose in the tiny press box over whether the error should be charged to the infielder or the outfielder. Fresno Thompson, Dodger vice-president in charge that day of handling the public address system, listened to the argument and then in his best Edward R. Murrow voice stated dramatically, "The writers fail to see eye-to-eye! Discussion is rife in the press box!"

It was a cheerful if not particularly subtle way to remind the sportswriters that last spring about this time their copy seemed to consist almost entirely of stories about seething discontent within the Dodger squad: of Jackie Robinson boiling in anger at Walter Alton because the manager had kept him on the bench, of Alton losing his temper and snapping at both Robinson and the press, of Russ Meyer complaining of not being pitched often enough, of Roy Campanella protesting because he had been placed eighth in the batting order and, finally, after the season got under way, the great explosion when Don Newcombe refused to pitch batting practice and Alton promptly suspended him.

From it all (and Fresno Thompson's point was, of course, that last year's dissension and bickering were a lot less important than the writers made it appear) Walter Alton, the beleaguered manager, emerged as unquestioned leader of the team, and the Dodgers emerged as unquestioned leaders of their league (22 victories in their first 24 games, a commanding lead they never relinquished, a final margin of victory of 13½ games over the second-place Milwaukee Braves). Then, of course, they won a dramatic and fitting victory over the omnipotent New York Yankees in the World Series to climax the most satisfying season in Brooklyn Dodger history.

And then, this spring, the snail's on the team, God's in His heaven and all's right with the world and the Brooklyn Dodgers. Everyone's happy, as much as that Fresno Thompson could have a little fun at least. It with the sportswriters.

The Dodgers are a loose, happy, hard-working, confident and very impressive ball club. In Vero Beach they'd start each day with a fast 10 minutes of calisthenics. Known as rock part.

Roy Campanella, Most Valuable Player in the National League, and Mike

Napoli, 289 with Elvira; Jackie Robinson, whom everyone has heard of, and Jasper Speers, who is well known in Charco, S.C. Everyone would end up running in place, first slowly and then more and more rapidly until, inevitably, some one would yell, "faster!"

Then they'd break up into two squads for batting practice. Walter Alton would stand behind the batting cage, studying each pitcher and batter. He watched intently as Johnny Podres pitched, Alton is remembered for losing Podres in the draft and in some of his plans for the season does he include the brilliant young left-hander who achieved pitching maturity in the 1955 World Series. But nevertheless he watched him, perhaps hoping a little.

Dixie Howell, the old catcher, came near the cage, looked at Podres and then said to Alton, "He looks as though he's cheating balls. Is he?" And Alton, agreeing, said, "He's throwing pretty good."

After he had thrown a few blistering fast balls, Podres said to the batter, Randy Jackson, "Gonna throw a changeup, Randy."

"Okay, John," Jackson said.

The changeup, Podres' choice pitch in the World Series, was very wide of the plate. He threw another, more successfully, then followed it, as a pitcher should, with a snapping fast ball.

"Curse now," he said to Jackson.

"This is where he's improved the most," Alton said. Podres threw a curve that broke like a stick.

"Well anyway, Walt," a sportswriter said cheerfully, "he'll be the best-conditioned pitcher in the army."

Alton grinned wryly, like the victim of a practical joke. Pee Wee Reese, the 34-year-old shortstop and team captain who had knickered his back badly earlier in training and who had done little but run in the days since, came up to Alton behind the batting cage.

"I wonder if I should hurt if I hit, Walt," Reese asked. He sounded not unlike a boy confined to the house with a cold illness asking permission to go outside and play a little.

Alton looked at him, thinking.

"Why don't you go over to the cage?" he said, referring to the area covered by "Iron Mike," an automatic pitching machine. "You know you couldn't be knocked down there."

"Yeah," Reese agreed. "I guess that'd be a good idea, Walt. Okay."

He started away.

"Pee Wee," Alton called, and the tone of his voice strengthened the analogy of parent and child. He sounded as though he were going to remind Reese

to handle up warmly. "What'd Doc say?"

"Well, he said I should work out."

Alton nodded, satisfied. "I think the batting cage. You know that you wouldn't be knocked down."

The last intersquad game the Dodgers played before going to Miami was conducted in the same atmosphere of genial informality. Other than the pitchers and Jack Robinson, who substituted at third base for the last few innings, the Dodger stars did not play, except to pinch-hit. Roy Campanella acted as bat boy. Roy worked hard, too. He handed each player his bat, retrieved it, stacked it neatly and knelt in the on-deck circle with the next batter in what looked like approved baby style. But Charlie DiGirolamo, the Dodgers' regular bat boy, wandered over from the clubhouse half way through the game, sat down on the bench behind Campanella and watched him critically. When Campanella finally looked around and saw him, Charlie shook his head and said sadly, "You'll never make it, son."

Intersquad games to spring training are often deadly dull affairs, but this one and the one played on the preceding day were lively and even exciting. Most of the pitchers threw easily, of course, that early in training, but even so the hitting seemed sharp and the fielding—with some exceptions—crisp. Young players like Outfielders Gino Carroll and Bob Wilson and Dick Williams stood out as did infielders like Chico Fernandez and Charlie Neal.

Everything looked fine, but then



BATTERY TALK: Roy Campanella and pinch-hitter Gary St. Mary. T. Erdman.

there is no place in all the world where things are so perfect as the spring training camp of the team that has just won the World Series. Everything seems to work out. In the clubhouse after practice Alston spoke to Reese. "How'd it go, Cap?"

"Fine," Pee Wee said. "Fine."

"Here's the back field?"

"Feels good," Pee Wee said.

In the board of directors room, Alston said, "I'm not worried too much about Pee Wee. I think it'll show him damn soon; maybe he'll be a week or two behind. He'll be all right. And we have pretty good boys to spell him—Zimmer, Fernandez."

He sat down by his desk.

"People ask how you can improve a championship team," he said. "Well, I believe you can't sit back and be satisfied with success. In anything. Because if you do you have only one way to go, and that's down."

"We've tried to improve. One way we've improved, we got Jackson from the Cubs. Another way is with these young kids we have. We've got some real good-looking young kids and they can do a lot to help."

It was pointed out that rookies, even if they came through, could not be expected to displace or improve upon the performances of the great players Alston had on the Dodgers.

"Some of our players had exceptional seasons last year," Alston argued. "Reider, Campanella, Furillo, Newcombe, Labine. Now, I say there's no reason why they can't do the same this year. But you got to realize that

maybe they all won't. Well, we have some of these young fellows, they're ready to step in and play a week or two, maybe more, pick up the slack."

"If they can't . . ." he grinned. "Then it's different."

"Maybe they won't have exceptional seasons again. But I'm not worried about that. Hell—the Dodgers, the Campanella, the Furillo—I know these guys are going to get runs."

"The only real worry I have is pitching. We got real good pitching last year, and even so we had some bad luck. There—" he raised his voice. "Maybe three or four of those fellows who had exceptional years won't come up with four sore arms at the same time, either. If Carl Erskine can go through without a sore arm this year, that'd mean a lot. And Spooner and Lees. [Erskine, 8 and 2 early in June, won only three games the rest of the season. Lees, 9 and 2 before the All-Star game in July, won only once after it. Spooner was unable to pitch effectively until July.] Those are three pretty good pitchers. And Jim Hughes. He had a sore arm. But he's throwing hard down here, and he looks real good. Suppose they all come through this year, and Newcombe and Labine have good seasons again, and the young pitchers like Roger Craig and Don Bennett. Maybe these young pitchers won't be as good as they were last season. But maybe they'll be better. They should be better. And we'll have them for a whole season."

"If things work out, I could have a pretty good pitching staff, a pretty

good pitching staff." He grinned then, as he had grinned about Podres, and the Army, and rubbed his head. "Oh, course, if things don't work out I could have just an average staff. Or I could have a pretty damn mediocre staff."

"I'm not worried about scoring runs," he repeated. "Pitching is what we'll win or lose on. It better be good because this is a tough league. Hell,

For James Murray's report from Arizona on the Giants and Indians, turn to page 48

Pittsburgh finished last last year and they won more games from us than Milwaukee did. They're all tough."

Tough or not, last year the Dodgers beat them all. And Alston, despite his realistic appraisal of his pitching prospects, expects to beat them all again this year. The World Series triumph was a tremendous boost to the morale of an already great team, instilling in it an impressive backbone of confidence.

Randy Jackson, who spent six seasons with the second-division Chicago Cubs before being traded to Brooklyn during the winter, was asked how he felt about his transfer to the Dodgers. A personable, intelligent man, Jackson answered slowly and seriously.

"It's a pleasure to be with this club," he said. "They have the habit of winning. Maybe it'll rub off on me." He grinned and looked down at his Dodgers uniform.

"It already has," he added. **END**



MILWAUKEE RHUMORS staffing intersquad game revolves around Jimmy Gilliam.

LOU Truke Reider and Eugene Joe Culbert, who in off-seasons is mayor of Orono, N.Y.



RELAXED RESE catches baseball, talks shop with captain, Yarnie Altam.



OUT OF GAME you make-believe marriage (Instructor Frank Walsh) for disputing Lloyd Koser's decision.

"LET 'EM KNOW!" says Instructor Tim Timoney (right), -tearup proper "sub" equal to Fred Walker.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THEY'RE NOT BORN THAT WAY?

Lessons in voice, gesture and monumental assurance are basic in the curriculum of the Bill McGowan School for Umpires at Daytona Beach, which in its 18 years has placed nine alumni in the major leagues

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BY HEDIN





"YER DWT!" ensures a synchronized formation of prospective
umpires, and upgo the fists to grace h--laid signals, like proper

stance, voice control, interpretation of the rules and the han-
dling of tough situations, are all part of the school's curriculum.

CLASSIC FIX

TOP GOLFER BETSY RAWLS, WEDGE IN HAND, FACES UP TO THE GOLFER'S NIGHTMARE: HER BALL LIES HALF BURIED IN SIDE OF THE BUNKER . . .





CLASSIC SHOT

...AND THEN, WITH PERFECT FORM, BETSY BLASTS BALL OUT AND ONTO THE GREEN, IN THE KIND OF RECOVERY ALL GOLFERS DREAM OF MAKING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATHY MERRILL

THE YEAR THE RED WINGS

On the eve of the Stanley Cup, it is clear the Gettysburg of the NHL campaign came

One of the most satisfying pursuits that falls to the purveyor fan of any sport is to sit back when a long league season has run its course and lovingly put his finger on the particular turn of events that decided the winning and the losing of a race. Was it, he asks himself, that double-header in July which Roger Craig and Don Rossini, those first-time-out rookies, won with masterful jobs that really assured the success of the faltering 1965 Dodgers? Was it those back-to-back homers by Roger and Bern in the ninth that pulled out that "lost" game against Boston on September 18 and shoved the 1955 Yankees back in first for good? Frequently it is hard and many times it is downright impossible to decide what was the Gettysburg of a campaign, the elements being so numerous and their significance so debatable; but nearly everyone who has followed the current National Hockey League season is fairly well

agreed that the outcome of the race was decided conclusively on the three nights of January 23, February 2 and February 4.

On those three nights Les Canadiens of Montreal, who had led the league from October on, opposed their ancient tormentors, the Detroit Red Wings, winners of the NHL championship for the last seven years. In capturing quite a number of these opponents, the Red Wings started more slowly than the Canadiens, gradually cut the point difference between them as the season bruised on, and, winning the key games, closed with a rush that had the quality of inevitability about it.

FULL-FED WITH HOMIE CHARLIE

Only last year, you may remember, after *L'Afrique* Richard, the dispirited Canadiens kicked away their excellent chances for the championship by losing two of their last three games (those

two as Detroit, while the Wings flew down the stretch with 16 victories and two ties in their last 12 games. Late this past January, with Detroit coming on fast and Montreal playing somewhat less commanding hockey after suffering its first slump of the season, everyone was wondering if history would repeat itself another time.

It did not. The first game, in Detroit, ended in a 1-1 tie. The Canadiens took the second game, in Detroit, 2-0. They took the third, in Montreal, 2-1. Having entered the series with a 18-point margin over the Wings, they emerged with a 15-point margin. The battle for first place never past any reasonable doubt, and Montreal proceeded to draw farther and farther away. Third the Stanley Cup playoffs will tell—they start March 28—but it begins to appear that Les Canadiens mean to prove this year that, pleasant as it is to be recognized as one of the most colorful and popular teams in sport, they are full-fed with their old Homie Prince Charlie and are unceremoniously determined to win everything in sight, to rule.

In that important three-game series with Detroit, Maurice Richard scored one winning goal and Jean Beliveau scored the other four goals. There is no need to dwell on these facts. They are the expectable ones. At 45 The Rocket, a stride slower in the thighs and a split second slower in his wings and eye than he was in his prime, is still The Rocket. It stands to reason that he will always score some of the big ones. Same thing with Beliveau, 34, Jan. 23. When taking into account the continued greatness of Richard, Gordon Howe and Red Kelly, Beliveau is doubtless the finest all-round player in the game today and is beginning to emerge as a performer who can do more things and do them better than any other center in the full history of hockey. Nonetheless, despite the unquestioned contribution of Montreal's big-scoring guns and of Bert Old Richards (Gillespie)—that rebellious pacifier—who has been almost an instrumental in making (over)time with Geoffrion the outstanding forward combination in the league—perhaps the least dispensable member of the



SECOND HOME to Les Fantomas is the penalty box. This season the reliable Ranger easily broke Red Horner's old NHL record for minutes spent in hockey's "sin bin."

LOST THE PENNANT

When Montreal stood off Detroit three straight

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

team is the veteran defenseman, Doug Harvey.

Besides doing all the unglamorous, seldom-noticed chores that a good defenseman must perform, Harvey knows how to mount a play and the way he does so is perfect for the Canadiens' style of attack. Doug is not one of those weaving rink-length rushers, but no one loses less time starting a counterattack after breaking up a play and no one capitalizes more astutely on a jump. He is up to the other team's blue line in a twink, taking in the situation as he rushes forward, looking for his forwards and then, with a solid sense of maneuver, promoting a strong play by leading the right man the right pass. He is wonderfully adroit also in handling his post at the points (just inside the blue line) on the famed Montreal power play, which does its stuff when the opposing team has a man in the penalty box. (With Geoffrion coming on at the other point and with Clouston, Beliveau and Maurice Richard usually working up front in games through March 3 Montreal scored no less than 48 of its total 199 goals when enjoying a one-man advantage.)

All in all, Harvey is as complete a defenseman as there is. While you think you appreciate his value when you watch him, you really do not until he is out of the lineup with an injury. Then the Canadiens, star-studded as they are, have trouble getting the puck out of their own territory and the forward lines begin to skate, and over- skate, with much less purpose. Last Canadiens have experienced only one protracted slump this season, and it is more than coincidence that this drop in play began at about the same time Harvey was forced out with an injury in late December and that they began to find their touch again shortly after he returned to duty.

For several seasons now Harvey and Red Kelly of Detroit have been in a class of their own, a discernible cut above the other defensemen in the league. Kelly's style of play, of course, has always been an individual one. A marvelous, tireless skater, he has the energy and the speed and the maneuverability to serve not only as a stout



DETROIT'S VERSATILE Red Kelly, defenseman, also worked 36 games at wing.



VITAL INGREDIENT for Montreal was the stalwart defenseman Doug Harvey (21).

defender but to double as a virtually cohesive part of the offense. This season "Detroit's fourth forward," as Kelly has been called for some time, was actually pressed into service as a forward. Jimmy Skinner, the Wings coach, made the move early in December, after his team had managed to win only 6 of its first 23 games and it seemed they might never get rolling. Skinner's second and third lines had not been producing at all, and he recognized that his first tactical adjustment—using his powerful first line of Howe, Reifel and Lindsay as often as they could climb over the boards—hadn't been getting him anywhere. Overwork was diminishing the H-R-L line's punch, and lack of work wasn't helping the confidence of his newly formed third line and the sluggishness of his second line. The defense had been functioning well, though. Pronovost had been playing fine hockey, Geoffrion was doing all right, old Bob Goldham—he entered the NHL way back in 1941 with Toronto (can you believe it?)—was still getting around O.K.; furthermore, Larry Hillman, a

very promising defenseman, could be recalled from the minors. So Skinner made his move. He switched Kelly to left wing on his first line and sent Lindsay down to juice up the second. It was a daring bit of juggling, and it worked. Almost overnight the Wings began to win at their customary clip, and until they dropped five out of those six points in that head-on series with Montreal, it looked as if they might be on their way to recapturing all of their old grinding efficiency.

As for Kelly, he was a revelation on left wing. He remained at that position for 24 games, until Pronovost was hurt and he had to be sent back to bolster the defense. Over that stretch Red scored 11 goals and assisted in 13 others, but these statistics hardly indicate what an enormous amount of wing he played. One picture or, more accurately, one series of pictures remains clearly in my mind. It is Kelly back-checking with that effortless finesse of his, breaking up one enemy rush after another before they could even get started and generally creating

continued on next page

NHL HOCKEY

Continued from page 47

the impression that progress up the side of the rink was virtually impossible, a road temporarily closed to traffic.

After Montreal had beaten off the Wings' one and only challenge, two races were left: the struggle between Toronto, Boston and Chicago for fourth place and the last playoff spot, and the fight for second between the Wings and the New York Rangers. That is not a misprint; it is the Rangers. The NHL's curious playoff system, of course, calls for the team that finishes first to play a best-four-of-seven-games series with the third-place team, for the second- and fourth-place clubs to engage in a similar series, and then for a final best-of-seven round between the two winners. The glory and the bigger money the players receive for finishing second have naturally played a part in the battle for the runner-up spot between the Wings and the Rangers. However, the major consideration for both teams has been the knowledge that finishing third means meeting the Canadiens immediately in the playoffs—and who wants to do that? (Should the Rangers reach the final round of the playoffs, the sports world may again be treated to that unique arrangement whereby the circus plays at Madison Square Garden and the Rangers play their home games on some foreign rink.)

ONE OF THE RANGERS

Regardless of how the Rangers fare from this point in, there is little question that Phil Watson has been the coach of the year. Only once since the war have the Rangers succeeded in qualifying for the playoffs, and this year it looked as if they would be lucky, as the man said, to finish as high as the cellar.

Oh, you will hear a lot of hockey buffs asserting now that they had a smacking surprise all along that the Rangers were just about ready to catch fire, just as you always meet your Hindsight Harry prognosticating after the event that, say, Fleck was their choice to beat Hogan and the *Jazzier* was a shoe-in, if you really knew your franchise vowels, to wallop the *Horri-man*. Personally, I remember meeting only one hockeyman who, before the season started, picked the Rangers to finish 60th or higher, and I have a strong suspicion that it was not a cool assessment but was prompted by the dazzling fact that he was

introduced to Ching Johnson at a party during the off season and split a beer with him.

The main reason why such gloomy prospects were entertained for the Rangers this year was that practically the same old roster was returning. This included only four players of proven major league caliber: Lawicki, Hergesheimer, Howell and Gaudy. For the rest, with the exception of Dave Creighton, acquired from the Wings, whom did they have?

They had, or seemed to have, nothing but the same bunch of youngsters who had previously displayed little else than youth and today sports fans have learned that just because a player is young is no assurance that he is going to develop into a fine athlete. (They are also wise to the fact that one of the neatest dodges in sports



QUICK WITH NEEDLE, Dr. Phil Watson coached the Rangers to the Cup playoffs.

today is pulled by the managers who take themselves off the spot by embarking on potential youth-movement programs.) Well, a good many of the Rangers' youngsters did mature into good hockey players this year, and for this the credit goes 1) to the players themselves, 2) to Frank Boucher, who rounded them up, and 3) to Watson.

The secret of Watson's success would seem to be the surging pride he took in being a member of the great New York team before the war. Being a Ranger was the biggest thing in the life of this turbulent, combative young man, the son of a French-Canadian mother and a Scottish-Canadian father, who spent 14 of his formative years on the side of Montreal Maroons fan in a boarding school where only French was spoken

and the Canadians naturally defied. When his playing days with the Rangers ended after the 1947-48 season, Watson went into coaching. During his seven years in the minors (three with the New York Rangers and four with the Quebec Citadelles, later the Penitents), the decline of the Rangers gripped him bitterly. "My Rangers! I used to say to myself," Watson was remembering recently, "My Rangers! Look what they have become. Dream-teams, hot champions. No one respects them." Watson's eye was always on returning to New York, and the knowledge that a hotbedded coach would never be hired was a big factor in his successful conquest of his employer. Tail call came last spring.

From the start of preseason practice at Rensselaer, Watson treated his players as major leaguers. After all, they were Rangers. He also treated them tough. When Andy Bathgate arrived driving a Cadillac, Watson quickly reminded him and the other players that, in case they had other ideas, during the hockey season hockey came first, morning, noon and night. When Gump Worsley reported overweight, Watson told him, "You have no right to come into training camp weighing 175. You're not that big a man." He threatened to fine the goalie a dollar a pound a day until he got down to 165. Watson has not let up all season. For example, he has abolished the practice of supplying the players with drinking water on the bench. "And we don't have any of that stinking contraption anymore during periods," Watson explains. "If we're leading by a couple of goals with four minutes left to play, then, maybe, the water comes out." Nothing much escapes Watson's vigilant eye. After a game on the road, he took two players aside in the dressing room. "I don't know if you guys thought you were getting away with it," he admonished them, "but I saw you sneaking that drink of water when you were in the penalty box."

Watson's somewhat McElreathian manner has worked because his players perceived that he labored harder at winning than any of them. His list of losing seasons is lengthy. He had three capable forward lines based on three capable centers—he was a center himself. Early in the season he was rapped with two bench penalties but when that directed the team with grace and street-smarts, he stood by around for quite a while.

There is not too much that can be said about the "second-division" clubs,

Continued on page 52

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for men of action



SPRING SIGNS

The activity in America's marinas is a sure sign of spring, and here—in this single dramatic picture of Ft. Lauderdale's Bahia Mar—the season and the sign have been captured by Photographer Richard Meek. At Bahia Mar, the world's biggest pleasure-boat dock, the slips already have begun to empty as sleek power cruisers point their noses into the channel; and in a few weeks, marinas from Portland, Me. to Seattle will start to fill with early arrivals from the South as another summer of boating gets under way.



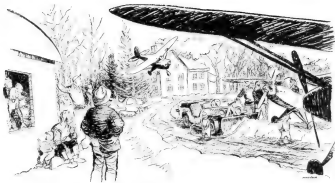


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"The County Air Park has a flavor all its own . . . a half-is cross wind, a farmhouse and a forest at one end. . . ."

BOHLKE'S BIRD'S NEST

by **BILL MAULDIN**

Who says private flying is slumping? Not SF's Sunday pilot, who parks at one of the liveliest small airfields in the country

LANDING a light airplane at strange little airports around the U.S. is a gambling proposition somewhat like auto touring must have been 40 years ago. It's a nice policy to patronize the independent airports, not only to avoid congestion at municipal terminals but because the little operator can generally use the trade. In fact, he often needs it so badly that he's off somewhere pressing pants for a living and the only sign of life around the pretty little airport with the tattered wind sock is a mouse nest in a peeling fencepost.

This happens discouragingly often, and if you're lucky you have enough gas to get back in the air and head for a main terminal. Otherwise you spend three or four hours locating your host, and as darkness or weather demands he'll quite readily provide for the night and regale you with stories of how private flying has gone to hell since everybody and his dog quit flying at the expense of the G.I. Bill. Or it was surplus sales that ruined him, with the customers buying bombers cheaper than Navions. Or the fields public just lost interest. Some of these guys can be so eloquent that I have to think of my own home field to keep from bursting into tears.

Here is the County Air Park near Spring Valley, N.Y., a hamlet 30 miles up the west bank of the Hudson from Manhattan; and the casual visitor might easily conclude

that if tears are to be shed, this establishment merits them. The field is operated by Spring Valley's mayor, a 41-year-old ex-Air Force flight instructor named William Bohlke, who, as will be seen, couldn't have picked a less auspicious location for an airport when he started it 10 years ago with a handful of savings, a horse-drawn grader, a two-seater Aerona and a lease on 80 acres of hilly farmland. But the County Air Park, like Bohlke, has qualities not immediately evident. It has a flavor all its own, and discouragement is not one of the ingredients.

On a gassy Sunday late last month, for example, I navigated toward the Air Park in a four-seater Tri-Pacer carrying my wife, a friend and his wife and 300 pounds of luggage and accumulated cargo. Gingerly watching through the demoglosser for Luftwaffe trails on the right and Stewart AFB jets ahead, I had no trouble locating our destination. On weekends you just look for a swarm of small airplanes. There are 60000 active ships on Bohlke's field, flown by 100-odd pilots (mostly Bohlke-trained) who haven't heard that there has long been a slump in private aviation.

I landed my machine (plastered it, would be a better word) on a scrap, soggy bilboe laughingly called the wet strip. Not run-went, because if you tried landing the other

continued on next page

BOHLKE'S BIRD'S NEST

continued from page 27

way you would just keep flying. There is another runway, slightly less sloped, more level and 1,200 feet long, with a built-in cross wind, a farmhouse and a forest at one end, and a railroad track at the other. Bohlike does not make his living on smooth facilities or appearances. His buildings sag at the corners, and the three fastest planes on the field are a new Mooney and two old Beech Bonanzas.

His Honor himself was ransacking the gas pumps as we taxied up, fast to keep from sinking to the hubs, dripping mud and slush from the landing. A stocky man in winter working clothes and steel-rimmed spectacles who has never in his 21 years of flying been caught wearing Wellington boots, Raybans or even a scarf. Bohlike watched with amused interest as I shut off the engine and the Tri-Facer gave a sigh and veered back on its skid, dangling its nose wheel two feet in the air.

"Welcome home," Bill said, as I unloaded and the nose wheel settled gently back to earth. "How was Nanna?" he asked.

"Now how did you know that?" I hadn't told him where we were going.

HANSHAW

"You're all tanned; you're carrying Mae Wests, which means ocean; your plane's got a new wax job, which, knowing you, means cheap foreign labor. Besides, nothing but tax-free hot-spots could tempt you to overload it like that, and it couldn't be Cuba because you don't like run that much."

"The four of us bought a week down there for less than the price of airline tickets alone," I said proudly. "Total plane expense for gas and hangars round trip was \$82."

"Too much," Bill said. "Ever since I taught you to fly that thing I've been telling you to lean it out cruise."

"But I was leamed," I protested. "Nonstop from Fort Lauderdale to Charleston, and if the tail wind we picked up out of there had stayed with us we wouldn't even have had to stop in Maryland."

"Thank God we did," said our friends from the back seat, rubbing their tails as my wife led them toward the fireplace in the battered Quonset-hut office.

"Anybody could do it with that auxiliary eight-gallon tank," Bohlike said, but I could tell he was pleased with my fuel management. He accused himself and went down the line of parked

planes to superintend an oil-warming operation on an old Bonanza which wouldn't start. As Bohlike ran a hose from a jeep exhaust to the engine cow, the pompous pilot, who had been alternately shooting his children from under the propeller and futilely spinning it by hand, spoke with exaggerated patience to his shivering young wife in the cockpit: "When I say 'Off and closed,' don't be so damned obliging about acknowledging in a hurry. First you turn off the switch and pull back the throttle and then you say 'Off and closed' back to me. You want me to lose a blank-blank arm?"

BRIDGING 'EM IN

"This thing won't stop anywhere's arm for a while," Bill said. "Take the lady in by the fire." He left the jeep hunched under the cow and started back to the gas pump, where I waited to fill my plane and put it away, having providently remembered to put on long Johns under my Nanna-sought suit at the Maryland stop. I knew what this place was like on Sundays. Sure enough, Bohlike made another stop, this time by a bearded-looking lady of 40-something years who was sitting on an oil crate among a knot of people outside the office. They were all watching a student pilot (her husband) waver in his landing pattern as he tried to decide between tackling the fearfully steep west slope or coming into the southwest strip with a turbulent cross wind. He chose the latter but balked at flying past a tall pine which stands in the yard of the farmhouse at the northeast end of the strip and made his final approach over the tree.

"Third time around," said a lanky, scornful youth in a long-billed flying cap. "He keeps coming in high like that and wondering who cracks the runway out from under him. We'll have to bring him down with a shotgun."

"All right, Hot Rock," snarled Bohlike. "I remember you used to go all the way to Totterboro to duck that tree when we told you to come in southwest."

"My husband says it seems to reach right out and grab at him," said the lady, sadly watching her mate haul up his flaps and soar away for another pass.

"Sure it does," Bill comforted her. "It's a real mental hazard and he'll get used to it." He stayed with her as four or five more planes came in past

the tree and then it was Highly's turn again. Watching his preferences must have given him heart this time; he dragged it in shallow and neat, power on, right wing low in a nice slip to compensate for the cross winds; and Hot Rock himself was moved to favorable comment as the student anchored his upwind wheel in a spray of gravel and sand and slowed to landing speed long before reaching the wind sock halfway down the strip.

The lady on the oil crate glared at the unexpected tribute—kibitzing landings is a favorite sport at the Air Park, but it is never fashionable to comment on good ones or even to let the proud pilot suspect his performance was noticed. Actually, the cocky lad was speaking his praise for Bohlike's ears. He was on a waiting list to rent that particular ship himself and he



"I'd like to come out for another dead cross-country if you promise not to go to sleep over Pennsylvania again. . . ."

knew he had fallen badly from grace. Bill is a coal man in an airplane—several times as a student I remember getting myself into such appalling predicaments that I actually begged him to take over and he never even took his hands down behind his head—but on the ground he can be both apocryphal and constabulary, and he serves a special vocation for flyboy types, both professional and amateur.

The mayor is convinced that hard times in plane construction did not come—so many bankrupt light-plane manufacturers believe—from cheap surplus sales of expensive military aircraft to disillusioned souls who could neither fly nor maintain them. Bill thinks cockiness and arrogance among flying people are to blame. He says every time

he sees a couple in their 20s, 40s or 60s trying to look happy in a sports car he's convinced they would be in the air if they hadn't been put off it by some loss of a pilot with superior skills or scared out of it by a hair-raising ride with a raphanous fool celebrating his new license. It grieves him deeply to see them headed for what he considers almost certain doom on the road.

Coming back to my place at the pump—I had guessed it by this time—the mayor was muttering something about "that kid's on the probation list from now on."

"He was only talking. He probably didn't even know it was her husband," I said as we trundled my ship into a T hanger whose roof had seen better days and whose sagging doors were propped with old planks.

THE TREATMENT

"Talking is doing," Bobble grunted. "He's got about 100 hours now and that's the danger stage. A real hot pilot. I got a report on a buzz job near his house the other day, and when I jumped him about it he didn't deny it—just said he was flying my Tri-Facer and doesn't Piper say it's foolproof?" I told him to read the fine print where Mr. Piper says it's not damn-fool proof, but I don't think I did any good. Maybe I'll get him up for a check ride and give him a treatment."

I shuddered for the boy. The Bobble treatment is brief, drastic, sure-fire and used only rarely because of the labor involved in cleaning the upholstery afterward. In Bill's military days a substantial number of his 12,000 hours were logged early in World War II as a civilian instructor on everything from primary trainers to B-17s; he had a special handling device he gleefully applied to junior instructors when he found them putting on airs with the students. It was a ghastly maneuver he called an inverted champagne, involving, as an added filip, a calculated engine failure at a critical point. He says it was a great starch remover.

"I think light planes should be flown gently, like airliners," Bill said. "But if people insist on playing I'm always glad to play with them—for a while."

"And if the treatment doesn't work?"

"Then I'll kick him the hell off the field. He wouldn't be the first."

"You must lose a fair amount of trade that way," I observed, as we trudged past a row of tied-down Aeronaes, Cubs and Cessna 120s for sale at prices ranging from \$899 up. The Air Park lives by volume, not plush. "Hot

rocks burn more gas than most people," I said pointedly.

"It's better business to get rid of them," he said. "There hasn't been a fatality here in the 10 years since I opened."

This seems a rather startling record, considering the field and the number of pilots using it. I remembered the story George Steedman, Bill's over-worked chief mechanic, told me almost the day a Civil Aeronautics Authority man came around to investigate a rumor that Bobble was not giving his students the usual amount of training in emergency landing procedures. According to George, the mayor took the inspector up for a ride and the fellow left convinced that every Air Park landing was an emergency. He may have been right. Air Park people seldom have trouble using other fields.

Back at the crowded waiting-room-and-office I hung up my keys and gathered my passengers. The Aerona couple were on their way out to disconnect the jeep hose and try another start. On a sofa by the fireplace a doctor's wife spoke to a contractor's daughter. "The thing to watch, honey, is the raindrops on the strut. As long as they're sort of wiggly, it's all right, but if they start to jell up, that's ice."

"Who's been flying in that kind of weather?" demanded Bobble, a connoisseur of thunderstorms whose record for reliability at getting passengers to airline connections at LaGuardia is based on the fact that when he can't

get in the air neither can the fliers.

"She was just explaining about ice to me," the young girl said. "I'd like to come over during the week for another cross-country if you promise not to go to sleep over Pennsylvania again."

"Honey, you're paying me to sit there, not think for you," Bill grinned.

"I bet you don't sleep anyway," she answered. "I think it's a trick to make me get out of my own middle."

"Sure, I sleep," he told her. "The idea is to know when to wake up. You haven't made me stir yet." As we went out the door he pointed back at the girl with real pride. "I saved her life," he said.

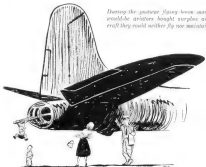
"How come?"

"She was going to buy a secondhand sports car and I talked her into coming here instead. If I hadn't, she'd be dead for sure by now."

I thought this was an exaggeratedly partisan viewpoint and said so.

"You know what I think of highways?" Bill said. "I've got an auto body shop in Spring Valley to cover myself financially for bad flying days. When the weather stinks and the roads are slick, the wrecker's busy every minute."

"So that's his gimmick," snarly commented one of Bobble's rival airport operators a few days later. "I just knew there had to be one! I tell you, there's no living in it any more. It's all jets, airliners and executive flying now. Little planes for little guys have had their day." (C.B.B.)



During the postwar flying boom many would-be aviators bought surplus aircraft they could neither fly nor maintain.

Baseball time in Arizona finds the Giants and the

Indians elbowing each other for Lebensraum in the

PROBLEM LEAGUE

by JAMES MURRAY

OUT IN Arizona where the New York Giants are feverishly and the Cleveland Indians leisurely preparing for the 1966 pennant season, two facts—which everyone has known all along—arise again being confirmed: the New York Giants still have the hottest player, Willie Mays, in baseball—and not much else; the Cleveland Indians still have the hottest pitching staff in baseball—and not much else.

Both teams, moreover, are in pursuit of similar solutions to what ails them. General Manager Henry Bea-Jamin Greenberg of the Indians explained this one day last week, comfortably naked in faded denim, scarlet bedroom slippers and a wristwatch, he cocked a shaggy, hairy leg over the dugout steps, squinted up at the Tucson sun and tried to pick a pennant out of the golden Arizona sky.

"I think it's reasonable to expect we can do it," he said deliriously. "In our last five seasons with the Yanks," he went on, engaging in some acrobatic arithmetic, "we've finished only a total of 10 1/2 games behind them."

"We have to get away from the home-run-strikeout formula. We're going to change to a more continuous type of attack, be more of a hit-and-run-type ball team. Whenever you have a big power team and it doesn't hit, the fans complain because it looks lethargic. And so does the manager."

One hundred and twenty-five miles to the northwest in Phoenix, another

man faced his problems. The Giants' rookie manager, Bill Rigney, affixed his old-fashioned, steel-rimmed glasses to his peeling nose, blinked nervously and said much the same thing. "I like a hit-and-run team, particularly one that can hit behind the corner," he said. "That's the kind of team we'll have."

Bill Rigney's words were brave. Of the two teams, the Giants' problem is certainly the more acute. "We have five or six positions open," cheerfully confided trainer Horace Stoneman. The number seems to learn more largely to the Giants' manager, galvanizing him into overfrantic activity. One of the sights and sounds of spring training this year is this highly keyed arguement who has become the nerve center of the Giants dashing on the dead run all over the field as though there were only an hour or so in which to get the pennant contender that will topple Brooklyn. The tall, spare figure with the prematurely white and thinning hair seems pale and corpulent, snapping fingers to infielders, shouting encouragement to batting-practice pitchers, anchoring pepper games and whooping up infield practice with the shrill intensity of a myna bird. Whatever the Giants do this year, it is clear they will do it at a breakneck pace.

The Giants' problems is essentially a league problem, Rigney admits. If the Dodgers get out of the gate as they did last year, the National League will be ready to start the World Series in July,

before Manager Rigney has had time to figure out his starting lineup. This could be a clue to Rigney's rush. "The Giants' infield consists of Alvin Dark—and faith, hope and charity," said one off-the-record chatterbox gloomily last week. Rigney, however, is no such pessimist. To him faith is personified by a smooth-swinging first baseman named Gail Harris; hope by a steady but not steady second sacker named Foster Castelman; while charity might be the long-baller Daryl Spencer, who gets 33 home runs out of a .268 batting average and has been taking dead aim on the telephone poles of Phoenix.

In the outfield Rigney confesses he is going to gamble on Darryl Rhodes. "I am going to see if he's as bad as everyone says he is," the manager un diplomatically announced last week. At that, Rhodes will have one place left left field; he will have to play only half a field. On everything hit to left center he will have to be careful only not to get in Willie Mays's way. Don Mueller in right is the same old tap-tap hitter, who will get his 15th to 20th hits. Outfielder Bob Lennon hit 35 home runs in his last two minor league seasons, but Giant ownership—he may be another Bob Seeds, *i.e.*, a bush league Babe Ruth in the bush leagues, a popout in the majors.

But when the Giants' camp seems somewhat frantic, over at the Indians' establishment in Tucson the atmosphere is easy-going and serene. Manager Al Lopez, a sunny, stable character with the perpetual grin of a man who has four aces up his sleeve, stands around unobtrusively like a cop on the lookout for pickpockets. On the field he seldom speaks above a whisper. He never goes to the whip, and if he wins it will be at a steady pace, not a drive.

The key to Cleveland will be the outcome of one of the winter's biggest trades, the one that saw Larry Doby



go to the White Sox for Outfielder Jim Busby and Shortstop Chico Carrasquel, and forced the Indians to reconsider their patient, wait-for-the-big-inning attitude. The melancholy fact is that Busby habitually bats in more runs by himself than Carrasquel and Busby do together. And Hank Greenberg's hopeful anticipation that "Busby won't strike out as often," is not to the point at all. What is hoped is that the Spanish-speaking Carrasquel will be twice as effective at bat with the Spanish-speaking Bobby Avila at his side; but there have been great double-play combinations who weren't even on speaking terms with each other—in any language. Basically, the pennant races for Cleveland in 1955 depend not on the .210-hitting Jim Busby or on the freedom of expression of Chico Carrasquel but, as usual, on the stout right arm (and bodies to match) of Early Wynn and Mike Garcia, and the smoking hot bats of Bob Lemon and Herb Score.

Twenty-one pitchers turned out for the Cleveland camp this spring when the number of jobs open seems to be exactly one. Staffrons usual will include the Big Three and Score, Feller and Houtteman, and the fireball relief artists, Don Mossi and Ray Narvesi.

A FAMILIAR STORY: WILLIE MAYS

The in-a-hurry Giants and the take-your-time Indians opened their traditional spring-long exhibition series in Tucson before an overflow crowd Saturday, and in the typically rugged game that ensued (the Giants won 7-3), no rookie-seen headlines humming across the wires to Cleveland or New York. Instead, it was a familiar story: Willie Mays hit two home runs to break up the ball game. But these homers came after young Herb Score had shut out the Giants with three walks and two strikeouts for three innings. Rhodes got two homers, too, but one hit a beer can held by a creechier outside the park, and a myopic pyrope called it a triple.

The Giants were delighted over their win (and over the victory that followed, 11-5, in Sunday's game), and in a way it was better for the team. Rigney, who wanted to win, to get it than for Lopez, who really didn't care. As the Giants' publicity man, Bill Goodrich, glowingly put it: "I'll tell you one thing: the Polo Grounds is going to see the happiest lot of characters it ever saw playing baseball in their lives." Which may turn out to be one of the more reasonable statements of the season. **END**



That reminds me...



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There is no danger of a male monopoly in horse racing.

In fact the season ahead could easily turn out to be the

LADIES' YEAR

by WHITNEY TOWER

EVEN SOMEBODY usually sees the racing scene during the course of the last year. It is clearly noticeable—if for a moment we may forget Swaps and Nashua—that women owners are playing a more prominent role in Thoroughbred racing and breeding than at any time in history. Overseas, the stimulus added to racing through the genuine interest of Queen Elizabeth and other such successful owners as Lady Derby, Miss Dorothy Paget and Madame de

with a lady sitting in the Calumet office at Lexington, Ky.

There, in daily conference with Farm Manager Paul Ebbsbach, Mrs. Gene Markey injects her personal opinion in discussions relating to virtually every phase of the enormous operation. Since inheriting the stable from her husband, the late Warren Wright, Mrs. Markey has also shown an added interest in international breeding. She has nominated a total of six colts for this year's

who in rather steady succession are taken on at Maine Chance Farm. One that comes to mind was told by the late Joe Palmer, who was describing the arrival of a horse player in heaven. Having been directed to heaven's racing section, he noticed, as Mr. Palmer used to say, "most of the dwellings were single-family affairs, but there was one very large apartment building. This, it was explained to the horse player, was for people who had trained for Maine Chance Farm. A new wing was under construction."

None of this has harmed the success of Maine Chance Farm. Mrs. Graham had a Derby winner in Jet Pilot and other notable color-bearers such as Bashed, Lord Russell, Knockdown and the filly Baggage and Myrtle Charm. And today she has Jet Action, a son of Jet Pilot and one of the three horses to beat Nashua last year, and in Gun Shot a lightning-fast champion by Hyperion who must be rated one of



DOROTHY CALUMET



CINDY MURCHISON



JANE LORAN



ELEANOR TERRY



FIDO SEELOW



ELIZABETH GRAHAM

Volterra has added immeasurably in increasing the popularity of the sport. In the United States there is no less of a success story, with serious-minded women who run large stables the rule rather than the exception. And for some of them the year 1956 may be the brightest year of all, or certainly the brightest season in some time.

Take, for example, the familiar names of Calumet Farm, Maine Chance Farm and Brookmeade Stable. All three of these racing dynasties are governed by ladies of acknowledged executive ability and thorough understanding of the turf and its plethora of problems. Should Calumet rise again this year to such heights as those when Citation and Countess were carrying the devil's red and blue miles to fame, most of the credit will naturally come showering down upon trainers Ben and Jimmy Jones. And forgotten, perhaps, in the general excitement, will be the fact that a great deal of the original planning for every campaign starts

Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont. Most highly regarded of the lot are Fabian, a son of Citation who finished third in the recent Flamingo, Liberty Sun and Eastgate. The hunch here is that she may have a sleeper in Pinto Lea, a bay son of Goya II out of a Bull Lea mare.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Graham, the matriarch of Maine Chance Farm, is better known among her associates in the business world as Elizabeth Arden. Her devotion to her racing stable has developed over the years to such proportions that a trainer working for her often becomes, in effect, the assistant trainer who stands by while Owner Graham gives the jockey his final orders, after which, if the mood strikes her, she may occasionally choose to plant a firm kiss—no, not on the jockey—on the nose of the horse. All of this, as you can imagine, through the process of time has been the foundation for some jokes directed at the stable and, in particular, at the expense of trainers,

the early Kentucky Derby favorites.

Although the fortunes of Brookmeade Stable, owned by Mrs. Isabel Dodge Stone, have not recently reached the peaks attained in former years—such as when her Cavalier won the Derby in 1934, or when Greek Ship, Nanglew and Bold were making headlines in 1936 and 1937—Brookmeade may be in for better times in 1956. For one thing, Mrs. Stone has a very useful handicapper in Soller, who certainly helped "make" the recent Widener Handicap. Another colt who may be heard from in Louisiana, a Triple Crown candidate is a serious way.

And there are plenty of other head-line name horses who run for women, i.e., Nail, the Pausanias winner, owned by Mrs. Anne Bigelow, a daughter of the late Joseph E. Widener; Happy New Year, a good-looking son of Hill Prince who belongs to Mrs. John R. H. Thomas; and a Mahmoud colt named Call Me Lucky who is owned by Ada L. Rice. This dark bay, incidentally,

was the last one to beat Needles, Hadid R. handsomely, by five lengths.

Racing success goes—as it seems to in most sports—in cycles. There are many women owners who knew this only too well, and just as many who are waiting patiently for the cycle of success to spin in their direction. Among those who come to mind is this connection: Miss Glenora Sears, who has invested over a half million dollars in Thoroughbred stock in the last two years without winning a major victory. There is also Josephine Abercrombie Robinson, whose Pin Oak Farms (owned jointly with her father) seems headed for more prosperous days. Co-ownership of racing gambles, as a matter of fact, has provided the opportunity for many women to share a mutual interest in horses with their husbands or other members of the family. Last year's leading money-winning stable, Harty House Farm, is officially listed under the name of A. E. Seablen, but

faces—although most of them are extremely recognizable—have entered the racing picture in recent years. Among them are Mrs. Edward Lasker, the former Jane Greer, and Betty Grable, who, along with husband Harry James, owned the creditable stakes winner James Swanton, one of the latest westerners to get in the act in the husband-and-wife team of Turfite Hall and First Anna.

Women, once they get into racing, are apt, I think, to do a little more hazy cheering for their horses than the average male owner. Easy this only because at Hialeah nation long ago I happened to wind up in the middle of a female cheering section. It seems that one day the Marston-Bears Stable (represented by Mrs. Clint Marshlen, Mrs. Wofford Cain and Mrs. Billy Burns) was running a maiden 2-year-old named Bull-Bye in the first race. The three ladies were also giving a luncheon party. After the bets were taken

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JOSEPHINE ROBINSON



LUCILLE MARBURY



MARIE ALBANO



SUE LAMM

It is a rare day when a Roanoke horse race without Mrs. Arlie Robinson around to lend encouragement. When Greenline Stables has a starter in a major stake, you'll usually notice not one owner but two in the stands. They are John H. Whitney and his sister, Mrs. Charles S. Payson, the son and daughter of the late Mrs. Payne Whitney, who, at the time of her death in 1944, was unofficially recognized as the first lady of the American turf.

There are, of course, many women owners today racing at every big and little U.S. track. Some come down from families readily associated with the world of horsewomen such as Mrs. John Galbreath, the former Mrs. Russell Prosser (who owns Summer Tan); Mrs. M. duPont Scott (owner of Karamazov); the Wisconsin Stables' Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps; Mrs. Richard Lamm, owner of Langleigh Farm; and Mrs. Oakes Phipps, whose New was last season's champion steeple-chaser. And some comparatively new

(ditto a few cocktails), the guests were invited to stop out on the terrace to see what Johnny Revolt Brooks could do with Bull-Bye. I don't know how well Brooks can hear the spoken word, but there is no mistaking his ability, to discuss the drill screams of interested lady horse players a half mile away on the Hialeah terrace. He rode like a demon, and won—surely. This happy occasion prompted some very acute observations by a lady who is not a horse owner herself, but whose husband is in a very big way. She said, "Nothing can work you up to such a pitch and then let you down as fast as a horse race. That's why, if you're in the horse business, it doesn't pay to get too sentimental over any one horse."

The speaker's name? Mrs. Dorothy Combs, whose husband Lasker is at the moment very interested—nervously if not sentimentally—in one horse. The horse, Needles, will try this week at Gulfstream Park to become the richest Thoroughbred in history. **END**



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In fact, it's getting so that the best drawing card is the

LADIES' GLORY

by VICTOR KALMAN

FOR some mysterious reason which no one has been able to fathom, most men who would not be seen dead on a golf course in the company of women accept them contentedly, if not downright eagerly, as partners in bowling. Man's ego rebels at a woman's outdriving him, landing a larger fish or bringing down a buck he missed, yet he usually exhibits genuine delight when a woman outdoes him on the alley. This equality in a sport—the decree of woman suffrage, one might call it—has resulted in the mushrooming popularity of mixed bowling. It has gone far beyond the husband-and-wife and boy-and-girl-out-for-a-night stage. Leagues composed of both men and women now provide some of the keenest competition throughout the country. Women vie with men in sweepstakes for prizes all the way up to \$12,000. "Mixed sweeps," featuring man-woman doubles teams, are proving far more popular than contests held exclusively for men.

It is equally true of modern bowling, especially when the professionals roll, that women almost always draw more spectators than the men. Officials of the Bowling Proprietors Association of America, who stage several top-notch championships annually, are the first to acknowledge this—and also to admit they don't know why it should be so. The men roll higher scores. Their uniforms are equally colorful. Their gyrations and bedy English after releasing the ball are at least as energetic as the women's. Yet it was not until women began competing in the All-Star championships in Chicago seven years ago that that tournament became the nation's Number One drawing card.

Just about every top male bowler in the country is scheduled to roll in the BPAA Doubles Championships April 7 and 8, when George Young and Therman Gibson of Detroit will defend their title in Pittsburgh. Yet it would be surprising if they played before

ERD crowds on both days, as the women did February 25 and 26 in Cleveland. In that event, as you may recall, Anita Castaline, 28-year-old bowling instructor, and Mrs. Elvira Tseppfer, 33, Detroit housewife, came from behind to win the title by a scant seven pins. Miss Castaline, who converted the difficult 3-4-10 spare in the final frame to ensure the victory, became the first woman in history to hold both the U.S. singles and doubles championships. She had won the All-Star last December in the same spectacular way, defeating Doris Porter of Los Angeles in the last two frames.

The women's doubles, as Tournament Manager Sylvester Sobanski said, had "everything you'd want to see—fine bowling, a thrilling finish and a couple of beautiful women if you got tired of watching just bowling." The latter might provide a clue to the large male attendance at the matches, but it hardly explains the fact that women comprised at least half the crowd. And the women did most of the shouting as the 34-year-old Columbus twin, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller and Marge Merrick, took a 124-pin lead after 12 games of the 16-game contest, only to lose out by a single toss.

Miss Merrick, current central-states titleholder and winner of the Columbus match-game championship four years in a row, was the individual star. She bowled a 193-plus average and she ran up a high game score of 358. Next came Mrs. Helen Duval, a California instructor who, like Miss Castaline, is on the staff of the Hiewe-Woodward Co., manufacturer of the Ebonite ball. Mrs. Duval and Prim Verger, both of the San Francisco area, finished fifth. Third place went to 1955 U.S. Match-game Champion Sylvia Wene and Ann Karrer of Philadelphia, who outspatted though in the last block with 800 and 784 respectively, and fourth to Mrs. LaVerne Carter and Florene Argent of St. Louis. A record field of 64 teams participated.

If any tournament provides more spectator appeal than the Cleveland show, my guess is that it will be mixed doubles competition. Imagine such teams as Joe Wilman-Marion Ladewig, Bill Lillard-Doris Porter, Lee Jougard-Sylvia Wene, Ed Lubanski-Anita Castaline. Add such husband-wife combinations as Don and LaVerne Carter, Steve and Helen Nagy, Steve and Maxine Cruchon and Ken and Marge Kelch. Matches among these contestants would pack the largest establishment in the country. Next year, perhaps they will.

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"I dropped the damn thing!"

NHL HOCKEY

continued from page 42

who, it goes without saying, had all hoped for better seasons. Dick Irvia (55, Feb. 13) got his Black Hawks off to a fast start but even the "Silver Fox's" experience and knowledgeability couldn't convert his collection of castoffs into a functioning unit. Injuries hurt the Hawks but certainly not as much as the continued lack of one or two truly top-notch players to pick up the whole team with their play. Milt Schmidt's Bruins, suffering similarly from injuries and an absence of on-the-ice leadership, went into an alarming midseason lull that almost eliminated them from contention then and there. They came back miraculously after Gerry Toppanini and Neal Chisnoff, both of whom could do nothing right for Detroit, were re-purchased in January and went off on scoring sprees. The Bruins played better hockey the second half of the season but their defense was still porous. Terry Sawchuk's first year with Boston brought home with a bang that even the most brilliant goals can be beaten frequently if the opposing team is allowed to swarm on man for the rebound.

The Toronto Maple Leafs gambled everything on developing their latest parcel of rookies but as usual gambled nothing at all tactically, persevering with their patented sit-on-one-goal brand of play. Two Leafs underwent stunning reversals of form. Sid Smith, who bagged 34 goals last season when he was chosen All-Star left wing, has scored less than 5 this year without a Teeder Kennedy to set him up. Tod Sloan, who scored only 13 goals in 1954-55, came back this year as a center and with a horse arrangement for 20, 25, 30 and 35 goals to spur him on and slapped home more than 35.

Well, the first 70 games are always the hardest, unless you get into the playoffs. (C.B.)

SCORES AND STANDINGS

A. Montreal G. 30 15, 9-16 Pts. 30	Boston 4-9	Boston 9-4, 1-3
B. Boston G. 28 22, 6-22 Pts. 28	Chicago 6-2	Chicago 2-8, 5-5
C. New York G. 17 7, 10-8 Pts. 17	St. Louis 6-4	St. Louis 2-3, 4-3
D. Toronto G. 24 10, 1-12 Pts. 24	Winnipeg 3-4	Winnipeg 3-8, 1-4
E. Detroit G. 27 10, 7-12 Pts. 27	Detroit 7-1	Montreal 4-6, 1-1
F. Chicago G. 17 10, 7-11 Pts. 17	New York 4-4	Detroit 3-1, 2-3

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DAYTON AND THE DONS

(continued from page 31)

One is that while UCLA was the last team to beat the Dons (Dec. 11, 1954), San Francisco was also the last team to beat UCLA—in the finals of the Holiday Festival, Dec. 30, 1955—and that is a loss the Bruins want to avenge. The other three reasons are named Willie Naulls, Morris Taft and K. C. Jones. Naulls and Taft, the factor hand capped by an injured back when the two teams met before, have since combined their talents to run up a 17-game victory streak and become the first Pacific Coast Conference team since 1929 to complete the league schedule undefeated. Naulls, leading scorer and rebounder in the conference, was recently singled out by a professional scout as the No. 2 player in the nation, and only a matter of quantity—not quality—prevented him from becoming No. 1. "Naulls can do everything better than Russell," the man said, "but he's five inches shorter." Taft, a catlike jump-shot specialist, ranked third in scoring on the coast behind his big teammate.

But K. C. Jones may be an even bigger factor by his absence; after serving as captain of the Dons through the season, Jones will be lost for the playoffs because of the NCAA's four-year rule. It is true there is a good replacement named Gene Brown, classified by *Downs' s Monthly* as "the best substitute in the country—he'd be a star on any other team"; and what this sophomore will cost San Francisco in defensive ability he can almost make up in superior shooting. But Jones was still Jones—and the Dons will be meeting perhaps their strongest opponent in their first game without him.

"UCLA," says Washington Coach Tippy Dryden, "can whip San Francisco without Jones on the floor."

"We have improved a great deal," admits Wooden, "and perhaps the loss of K. C. Jones will hurt them some. However, they're still got Russell and he's the ball club."

Should UCLA fail to halt the Dons, there are still a few less-than-tender traps on the path to a second championship. In the eastern half of the bracket are such teams as North Carolina State, Iowa, Kentucky and the survivor of a featured first-rounder between Holy Cross and Temple; each is a potential finalist. At first it was feared that Ron Shavlik's broken wrist, suffered in the final regular-season game, might sideline the North Carolina State All-American for the playoffs and perhaps even keep the



NO. 2 PLAYER in college basketball is ranked tag being on UCLA's Willie Naulls.

Wallpack from ever getting past their own conference tournament. But, protecting leather brace and all, Shavlik played, rebounded as magnificently as ever, and State had the balance to take up the scoring slack. Vic Melodet, a dashing guard who has been averaging a 20-point clip, simply raised his sights a notch and began to score in the 30s. So Shavlik and Melodet and Co. remain one of the big ones to beat.

Iowa, which humbled mighty Illinois in the Big Ten, is another—a superbly conditioned team with remarkable poise and balance. The leading scorer is 6-foot-7 Bill Logan, but the other starters—Carl Cain, Bill Seeling, Bill Schmit and Sharon Seisenauer—are considered to be just as good. Kentucky, which won the tough Southeastern Conference berth by default when Alabama won the championship using five four-year men, is not the Kentucky of old, but the Wildcats have two big scorers in Bob Burrow and Jerry Bird and they still have carry Coach Adolph Rupp. Big Tom Holmoe and Little Hal Lear are the subsequent boys which could unlock the playoff doors for Holy Cross or Temple. There are also others: West Virginia lost three players to the four-year rule but still has Hot Rod Hundley; Wayne played a less taxing schedule but can still point with pride to only one defeat; Little Morehead State is the nation's highest-scoring team.

And, of more immediate concern to San Francisco, is the West team lurk Utah, an erratic but sometimes brilliant team built around Art Huns and 6-foot-8 Gary Bergen; SMU, a beautifully balanced club which lost only two games, one of those to Iowa; Houston and its 7-foot Don Bolden; and a pair of long shots which



POLISHED IOWA ATTACK Freshman forward Alton Smith (center) with Larry Luginbuhl.

may have the shots to come through —Oklahoma City and Kansas State.

In the NIT, they are saying that, after those previous trips to the finals and not one blue ribbon to show for all the trouble, this is Dayton's year. Certainly the Flyers have been impressive: 23 victories in 26 games, two all-star selections in 7-year Bill Walton-Jimmy Paxon and a strong supporting cast. But others point to Louisville, which posted 23-31, seven first selections over Dayton (although the Cardinals twice lost to teams Dayton beat easily) and has apparently found the antidote for U-I: a 6-foot-8 center named Charley Moore. Tyus, who is second in the nation in rebounds and outscored the Dayton giant in both their duels.

The NIT, however, is full of teams which have been beating each other over the head all season, a fact which reinforces the folklore of each entry that he can mount a number of good arguments in favor of his fairness. Take Duquesne. The Dukes are defending champs; the Dukes started slow but now they are really rolling; the Dukes lost once to Dayton but beat them once, too; the Dukes have St. Joseph. Or take St. Joseph's, which, along with Dayton, Louisville and Niagara, occupies one of four seeded positions; they have a 21-5 record and victories over four other tournament teams—St. Francis and Lafayette from the NIT, Temple and Manhattan from the NCAA.

Marquette has 6-foot-9 Terry Rand, who led the Warriors through a rugged Midwestern schedule; St. Louis, which won this tournament back in 1958, and Seton Hall, which was in '53, are old NIT veterans; so is Oklahoma A&M with two coaches who love play, which might cause all kinds of trouble before the shooting is over.



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MOUNTED MARLIN HEADS FORM SERRATED PATTERN ALONG CABO BLANCO CLUB DOCKPILS

BLACK TAILS AND BLUE OCEAN

The black marlin of Peru is the coveted prize of Cabo Blanco's fabulous fishing club

by GEORGE WELLEN

THE BLACK MARLIN, the largest bill fish caught on hook and line, meets man off a remote corner of Peru that is costly to reach and still costlier to fish. The meeting place lies off a 394-foot headland of brown sand, burned dry by the sun and scuffed by hot winds. It is named Cabo Blanco. Immediately north of the headland, where Peru meets Ecuador, the dried-seafish climate suddenly melts into a moist green bohemia of bananas and coconuts. Slow, muddy rivers empty into a tepid ocean populated thickly with amber jacks, roosterfish, groupers, sailfish and sleepy giant rays as broad as a nightclub floor. The aristocratic marlin seems to abhor this sea slum of congested commerce. Off Cabo Blanco it turns its long black bill westward and rides the blue stream of the Humboldt Current on the course of the raft *New-Tiki*. Here it dines on its favorite, the sierra mackerel, or samples the plump three-fect squid which school like huge pineapples on the ocean's surface.

To better pursue the marlin, S. Kip Farrington Jr., of New York, a leading

salt-water fisherman, organized in May 1951 the Cabo Blanco Club, one of the world's more exclusive fishing fraternities. Farrington himself supervises its membership list, which numbers only 26, most of whom are Americans. The membership fee is \$10,000, but even with that it is not altogether clear on what Farrington bases his selections. He reportedly has turned down one bid of \$50,000 to join, and he has been pursued almost relentlessly by other aspirants.

The club charges \$25 a day per person—upped from \$15—for room and board. The rent for one of its three motor cruisers, imported from Nova Scotia, runs \$100 a day. Tackle is a bargain. Full gear, costing from \$1,000 to \$2,000 to buy, rents at \$10 a day.

So uncommunicative are the American members—even after selecting his membership, Mr. Farrington likes to check everything mentioning publicly the Cabo Blanco Club—that a visitor expects a chilly reception. Actually the atmosphere is easy and amiable, no strain. Once the stranger has reached the remote home of the black marlin,

it is assumed that there is no further reason for discouraging him from the chase. The club is managed with great efficiency and ease by a graying Pole named Sygmond Plater whose tank battalion was nearly annihilated at Cassino. His wife, daughter of a Polish general, keeps the rooms spotless and the cuisine divine. An intelligent young Spaniard named Juan Matute cares for the elaborate tackle room where the lockers of the founding members bear brass plates, like the seats of knighthood.

The most awkward chore for this staff comes after the fisherman have gone. It involves sending by air their marlin, gutted and iced, to a taxidermist in Miami. Al Fluager, who is an expert in stuffing marlin. One happy feature about Peru is that its sharks are gentlemen and usually do not chew pieces of the beaten marlin before it is hoisted. Paragra cheerfully flies marlin corpses as big as dorcas, because the revenue is fabulous.

The club's life as a club, however, is unavoidably artificial. Only the

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TABLE SPIN—Here, before the tradition of hand-spinning ever went extinct, fishermen on Cape Blanco fishermen. Here Joe Hatten of Cincinnati, Ohio and his son Jim Jr. prepare gear.

MAN FISHING AND FISHING BOAT—Some fishermen rely after battles with 1,000-pound giants like the one mounted over the fireplace. This was first big marlin caught at Cape Blanco.





SHOOTING the two-ape game, Mr. Alvin C. Greenell Jr. of Houston, Texas, ball-balanced in the chair, begins a half-hour fight with a marte. Behind him Chico, the mate, waits and watches for any emergency, while on top deck Captain Jesse Ruiz handles the boat in maneuvers which demand great precision and timing.

EXPLODING FROM SEA in a cascade of spray, a marte twists and dives in attempt to shake loose the webbed hook. This one, weighing 300 pounds, fought for 30 minutes and made 14 leaps before it was finally subdued and beamed. Black marte record, held by Mr. Greenell, is 1,500 pounds, caught off Cape Blanco in 1932.







BLACK TAILS

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skins of martin hold the members together. When martin refuse to share their tails, the club ages. Even at the season's height—always under dispute, but usually recognized as between March and August—the members refuse to come to Fry simultaneously. This refusal privilege is denied them by the fact that of the three birds, one (father) and two (daughters, usually only two are in breeding order,

Because of his still inadequate fleet, not all fishermen, even wealthy ones, have tried to penetrate Farrington's guard and enter the club. The most stubborn big angle to hold out against Farrington is Charles Johnson, a bespectacled General Motors man from Asheville, N.C. Johnson has the money to enter the club but doesn't want in. To bring his man under down Johnson spent nearly \$2,000 in Panama custom duties alone. With his fleetmaster captain R. L. Whip Foster, the state hasn't been in frugal waterfront style at Tallah, the Passages landing field, in rooms leased from a Norwegian commercial fisherman named H. L. Hammacher, who keeps a boatyard. The Johnson system of avoiding membership is probably even more expensive than being a member of the club, but it is the only alternative.

The only marine ever seen at class Durga by many fishermen at Cabo Higuera is the impressive specimen hanging on the wall of the clubhouse. There it floats on blue waves of cigar smoke, the sunlight from the front picture windows gleaming on its silver belly. It was Cuba's Harrier fish (100-pounder), caught April 4, 1962 by Alfred C. Glassell Jr., a sports-Houston businessman who fishes in total Texas fashion, with two cameras linked by radio. But already this prize is a has-been. By taking a 1,500-pound fish August 4, 1961 Glassell became champion of the world.

But records here are short-lived. Novices, even women, are lucky. Ted Williams, while nursing on his divorce from his wife and, temporarily, himself, flew down in December '61 and casually took a 1,016-pound marine. An even bigger one broke his back and escaped. A tall girl named Kimberly Wims, who works in New York for a public-relations firm, took a 1,525-pounder, the woman's world record, after an 80-minute battle. Had the marine hatched more heavily, Miss Wims could easily be world's champion.

As if to prove that the marlin are always there, the club has flanked the driveway on its seaward side with scores of huge tails, black and stiff. The driveway leads down about half a mile to a battered wooden wharf about 18 feet wide and perhaps 200 feet long. The wharf has a hoisting crane to lift out fish, a machine to weigh them, and a host of lanky policemen and customs squatters on the decks of a coupleto fleet of sailboats owned by local

A few hundred yards north, up the shore, in an Indian fishing village of little gray shacks. Green eel boats in white-lined barn at its disposal, and there are children playing, men repairing nets, and women in braids and Mother Hubbard-carrying water on their heads in all time, paring harelipped along the shore. This is the home of the shrimp or so Indians busy enough to work as fishermen and servants for the regular boatmen.

The majority of the Indians, whose population numbers some 200, earn their living by catching fish for the tables of Lobosca Petroleum, Ltd., an old, highly profitable British oil firm which owns outright most of the land in Cabo Blanco.

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In the eyes of the Indians the sportsmen represent two prospects: an immediate hope that they will get a day's work on a motorboat, and a deferred hope that the Americans will buy into lakshis of land they already have in Tulare, farther south—and change conditions for the better.

The distinction is made mainly only when a Detroit tool manufacturer or a California realtor, having cut fine and bill off his prize, gives the earnings to his crew. But with respect to martin meat the millionaires often fare little better. During three weeks last April, the supposed "fished" month, the red peasant that marks a black martin's capture is not seen on a single incoming vessel.

The man who broke the jaw was Raymundo D. Castro Maya, a small Brazilian who has probably caught more big fish in proportion to his weight than any man in the world. And he is as knowledgeable about snaring marlin as he is humble.

At sunset on the dock one evening, after the big binoculars at the clubhouse had picked him up, another

Abstract: The purpose of this study was to determine the effect of a 12-week training program on the heart rate (HR) and blood pressure (BP) of sedentary, middle-aged men. The subjects were divided into two groups: a control group and a training group. The training group performed a 12-week aerobic exercise program, while the control group remained sedentary. HR and BP were measured at baseline and at the end of the 12-week period. The results showed that the training group had a significant decrease in both HR and BP compared to the control group. The decrease in HR was approximately 10 beats per minute, and the decrease in BP was approximately 10 mmHg. These findings suggest that a 12-week training program can effectively reduce HR and BP in sedentary, middle-aged men.

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Abstract The purpose of this study was to determine whether there were differences in the prevalence of risk factors for coronary artery disease between men who had been exposed to asbestos and those who had not. A case-control study was conducted among men aged 60 years or older who had been employed in asbestos-related occupations before age 60. The cases were men who had died from coronary artery disease between 1980 and 1990. The controls were men who had died from causes other than coronary artery disease during the same period. Data were obtained from death certificates, occupational histories, and medical records. The results showed that the prevalence of risk factors for coronary artery disease was higher among men who had been exposed to asbestos than among those who had not. These findings suggest that exposure to asbestos may be a risk factor for coronary artery disease.

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BLACK TAILS

continued from page 62

with a red flag, he told how it is done. An 845-pounder, long and black, was suspended moodily from the black above him for photographs. Its belly was covered with living white parasites resembling buffalo bugs, clinging stubbornly to the white skin by their tails. The triangular mouth of the marlin was sewed up to keep its last meal from coming out, a necessary precaution in fishing for pounds.

"We always find the marlin going north," the Brazilian explained. "The first thing to make sure is that it is not a swordfish. A swordfish shows two fins, dorsal and caudal, a marlin only one. After you see it, the next thing is to show the marlin the bait."

Baiting for marlin is really the art of serving a highly fastidious guest. The marlin may want mackerel at 11, but fancy only bonito at 12. When dining out on the surface, it is rarely hungry. It has usually eaten heavily downstairs and flown to the sun only for a snack. The hunter is offering it not dinner, but a meager dessert. Full already, it can be tricky.

Sometimes the marlin is laying along in a school of helpless giant squids. "If it is already eating squid," said Castro Maya, "you offer it something else. Marlin are like humans. They like surprises."

The marlin likes to overtake its prey smartly, rear back its bill like a club and deal it a hearty swipe on the snout. With its three-inch deep-blue eyes, which have the scrutinizing powers of binoculars, the marlin scans the behavior of the meal after its blow. If the creature looks starved, loses speed, goes into a flurry and faces suicidally

into its jaws, the marlin opens wide and swallows it.

Generally, to catch marlin, two detachable hooks are sewed inside a masknet, the tips customarily facing toward the head of the fish. Once it has taken the hooks, the marlin may jump 40 times with one hook inside its gills, the other in its jaw.

Castro Maya now explained how to play the fish. "When it takes the bait, you let go, give it a good chance to swallow. You throw the reel off gear, into free spool. The marlin swims away, very quietly and fast at first. I count 10. Zoom— it runs out the line —zoom— it runs. When I am sure it has the bait, I strike it. I lift the rod. Now the fight begins. Fis your belt. Check your gloves. You will be very busy, and nobody, under the rules, can help you.

"For the next hour, at least, you will be pumping. Let it go. Pump it back. Let go. Pump. The marlin jumps in the air. That is well. You count the jumps. The jumps tell you about the courage of your marlin.

"The jumps are high and strong at first. Then, not so high. Then the jumping stops. It tries to go down— deep, deep. You must bring it up. If it goes down it will break your line and you will lose it."

The moment when the marlin begins to begin its fight is the one for which these fishermen came so far, wait so long and spend so much.

Unlike other great fish, the black marlin does not cheat its aggressor by hiding itself or its agency in the depths. It dies as openly as the bull in the ring. It stands upright on the waves,



"It glories in every jump."

momentarily superior to its element. Like a naked man flying. It cuts huge, dark-blue swan over the boat in hate and permits the fishermen to see its contempt. Again and again it climbs up, enormously blue against the sky, water spraying from its glistening back. Every fin is spread in anger. It comes over the water in great flat leaps, a hurdler clearing invisible barriers 25 feet apart. It stands up and whirls like a Spanish dancer, bending down its angry head with its reddened mouth open, whirling its white waistcoat.

What the marlin wants is to chop away the snaffle tearing at its mouth. It starts harking the wire with its four-foot spearlike bill, an all-purpose tool. Whether it wins freedom or loss depends on where it strikes. If it strikes close to its own mouth, as is natural, the blow falls somewhere along a 30-foot length of stainless-steel cable, the leader hanging from its mouth. Sometimes the wire breaks. Usually, however, it holds.

RARELY GUESSES RIGHT

If the marlin has a good hunch, or is lucky, it may strike farther up, beyond the wire leader, where there is about 25 feet of No. 39 thread, doubled. If it strikes here with the line taut, the line breaks and the marlin wins. Rarely does its guesswork carry it so far back toward man, the ultimate cause of its agony. And it almost never attacks the half-way cause, the boat.

The marlin may decide to wind itself in the wire leader. It thereby increases the chances of snapping free because it shortens the wire's length to the slender line. But it loses more than it gains because, thus trussed in wire, it cannot easily leap or pinonette.

"When it tries of jumping and goes down," said Castro Maya, "you must fight it in a different way. You must not let it hang dead on the line, like a marlin rag. You must plane it." "Plane" means to gun the boat's engine and move gently ahead. This forces the marlin to rise and fight.

For fishermen and for marlin the 30 feet of wire leader is the last measure of death or freedom. Not until all the line has been gathered into the boat can the struggling fish be clubbed or gaffed. At the moment that the marlin feels the first human tug on the leader, it has clear warning that death is near. It starts the fight all over again. It darts away in a white flurry. Or, it dives to the bottom and strikes its bill in the sand, thrashing for leverage.

A fight can last almost any time.

continued on next page

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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 51 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissioners of the 48 states and Alaska.

A clash on the highest levels over refuge policy; a surf fisherman who stands his sandy ground; National Wildlife Week, dedicated to some near-extinct species.

REFUGE WRANGLE

ON MARCH 5 in New Orleans the 21st North American Wildlife Conference heard a vital and controversial address. It was delivered by Ira N. Gabrielson, for years director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and currently president of the Wildlife Management Institute. Speaking bluntly, Dr. Gabrielson summed up for his audience of more than 1,000 biologists, game managers, writers and other wildlife experts, conservation's gains and losses, as he saw them, over the past two years. There were, he noted, several gains:

► Legislation had been enacted to correct abuses of public lands.

► The Department of the Interior had staunchly warded off concerted armed forces attempts to take over various wildlife refuges and was standing firm in the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge imbroglio.

► The House had appropriated more than the funds requested for Mission 44 (SI, Feb. 20), the project to increase national park facilities in the next decade.

► After a bitter four-year struggle, the Upper Colorado River Storage Act had gone to the floor of the House with Echo Park Dam deleted and the intent of the National Park Act, to keep parks inviolable, reaffirmed.

These and other examples Gabrielson cited as conservation gains, but having verbally petted Interior for one stand, he now bludgeoned it for two which he believed had cost conservation dearly.

"First," charged Gabrielson, "the Department of Interior has gone steadily ahead in the process of changing the Fish and Wildlife Service from a scientific career service into a political agency . . . the morale in the organization continues to be low.

"The second and most serious setback," he continued, "was the action of the Interior Department in inviting oil and gas leases upon all but a very limited number of national wildlife refuges. While, under the law, the Secretary has always had discretion to make

such leases . . . few were leased except under extraordinary circumstances. . . . Now the situation is reversed and bids invited. . . . Many of these wildlife refuges were purchased with apartment's duck-stamp money and others with special funds appropriated by Congress. There are less than 10 million acres of these lands in the continental United States, less than one half of one percent of the total land area, and yet our millionaire, billionnaire oil men are in such danger of becoming poverty stricken that this tiny fraction . . . must be made their happy hunting ground at the expense of the wildlife for which the land was dedicated. It is not possible," Gabrielson insisted, "to explore for or to develop oil or gas fields with-



PROTAGONISTS Ira N. Gabrielson and Douglas McKay sound up in bitter debate.

out doing damage to wildlife and wildlife habitat. . . . This is a long backward step in the cause of conservation."

Later John L. Farley, present director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, denied Gabrielson's charges. Criticism of the service, he asserted, stemmed from "disgruntled former employees" and he added that the Wildlife Management Institute was piped because it had "lost control" of Fish and Wildlife. Asked if oil and gas development on refuges would damage wildlife, Farley shook his head vigorously.

Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, questioned on these matters by SI, stated his views the day after he announced his impending resignation. "Dr. Gabrielson," he said, "accuses the Interior Department of 'inviting' oil

and gas leases on National Wildlife Refuges. This statement is typical of misstatements and distortions which have marked attacks on the department . . . by certain professional lobbyists in Washington such as Dr. Gabrielson. By telling half the story or using only such facts as happen to fit their purposes, they have consistently attempted to create a 'big debate' regarding the department's activities, thereby arousing unwarranted criticism in this and a number of other matters.

"The department has at no time invited oil and gas leasing in wildlife refuges in the sense that Dr. Gabrielson attempts to convey. In an act of June 15, 1935 relating to the administration of wildlife refuges Congress authorized such leasing in these areas. The department issued regulations last December to govern the issuance of these leases. Similar regulations were signed by Secretary Krug in 1947. . . . Simply because it issued these new regulations, the department is accused of inviting leases. . . . Far from being a backward step, the new regulations governing oil and gas leasing on wildlife refuges provide the greatest protection to wildlife values since such leasing was authorized by Congress 20 years ago. [They] were the result of careful study by specialists in the Fish and Wildlife Service . . . they provide, as previous regulations did not, for approval by the service and its career technicians over where, how and by whom drilling will be permitted.

"No man, in or out of government," McKay concluded, "is better qualified to assay the degree of protection our wildlife refuges will receive under the new regulations than J. Clark Salyer, chief of the Branch of Refuges of the Fish and Wildlife Service. He is a career civil servant who came to Washington 22 years ago with the late Ding Darling to help build the great wildlife refuge system we have today. When he appeared before the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries he was asked: 'Do you feel that, under your regulations and working and operating plans, the wildlife will be protected ade-

continued on next page

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

continued from page 37

quietly where an all lease is entered into?" "I do," Mr. Salzer replied, "or I would be up here containing bloody murder right now."

Mr. Salzer to the contrary, most conservationists will certainly continue to screen over what they regard as "a long step backward."

WARDEN. WATCH TRY VOWEL

WHEN a Maine game warden contemplates future visitors, you can bet

that it will be done with impeccable diction and flawless inflection, in pear-shaped tones. Officers attending Maine's 17th annual Warden Training School this spring are taking a compulsory course in public speaking. Furthermore, the teacher is a clergyman.

HE'S STILL THERE

"IF THEY WANT to get rid of me they will have to throw me in jail." This

was the last word from daughter 16-year-old Carlangle Charles Yochelson of North Hollywood, Calif. Yochelson likes to spend his Saturdays fishing along Matine Beach, and his favorite spot happens to be directly in front of the Rendezvous Cafe.

Evidently the cafe has little sympathy for anglers. On two successive Saturdays it called sheriff's deputies

to dislodge Yochelson. They didn't. "The general public has a right to the beach from water to mean high-tide line," Yochelson insisted, and officers, plus the California Department of Fish and Game, conceded he had a point. But not the cafe.

It hailed the sheriff's office a third time and an officer unacquainted with

FISH BOX

Among last week's noteworthy catches: a 23-pound 3-spine stickleback taken from the Slough River, by George Nease of Seale Waskie, Washington; a 31-pound brook caught in the Myakka River in Florida, by Vernon Inglewood of Englewood, Florida; a 15-pound 3-spine cichlid from Walker Lake, Nevada, by R. H. Hearn of South Pasadena, California, on a treble fishhook; an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ -pound WEAFISH, off a Corpus Christi (Texas) Bay pier, by 16-year-old reeler Mrs. A. N. Michael of Englewood, Colorado, on a treble red and reel.

Yochelson was dispatched backward. "Heaved up on his buttocks and after he tried to lay a hand on me," explained the angler, "... and I'm not just saying so to be sorry. The fellows who fish here have a perfect right to do so and certainly don't hurt anything—as a matter of fact, they add atmosphere to the joint." The Rendezvous's life will dingy and ex-Marine Yochelson has set aside \$10,000 for a possible legal battle. At last report, though, he was still fishing at his favor-

ite stand and landing some nice two-pound barred perch.

POWERLESS LAKE ENVIROUSE

THE OLD ENVIROUSE FOUNDED, created 11 years ago in mem-

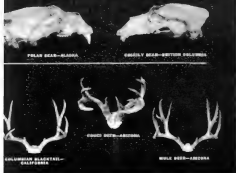
ory of the sportsman and outdoorsman magazine, has just presented the Milquiessee Zoo, still under construction, with \$20,000 to build a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -acre duck pond. The zoo plans to stock the pond with a pinioned collection of native wildfowl, and hopes that migrating birds will join the colony in spring and fall. The pond, by the way, will be named Lake Envirouse—and no motorboats allowed.

VANISHING AMERICAN

THERE are over 30 near-extinct wildlife species in America, and the

plight of some of them is pitiful indeed. Their preservation is the theme this year of National Wildlife Week, March 18-24, and was the subject of a statement to SI by Ernest Sedgwick, executive director of the National Wildlife Federation. "Now, more than at almost any time in the history of our country," he said, "endangered wildlife faces a crucial test." The grizzly bear, for example, is down to 700 individuals, yet is protected by a closed season only in Idaho, Florida's tiny Key deer number a thin 112. Perhaps 60 Everglades kings survive. Only 28 whooping cranes

FIVE NEW BIG GAME WORLD RECORDS



BOONE AND CROCKETT

THE BOONE AND CROCKETT Club, final arbiter of big game hunting trophies, has named its coveted Sagamore Hall medal to J. A. Columbus of Anchorage, Alaska for shooting the largest polar bear ever measured. An involved mathematical point system which measures antlers, skull or horn, height, ear length or skin, is the basis for recognizing world big game records. Four other new world records were also honored at the meeting, including a Cocker deer hunted by Ed Turcott of Tucson, Ariz. in the Santa Rita Mountains; a mule deer killed in the Kaibab National Forest by Roger T. Fowler of Phoenix; and a Columbian black-tail deer collected in Trinity County, Calif. by A. H. Hilbert of Sacramento. The grizzly bear skull submitted by the University of British Columbia received a certificate of merit awarded for scientific specimens.

SIERRA SNOWBIRD

Snowshoe Thomson kept the people of the Sierra Nevada in touch with the world during the 1860s. His exploits encouraged the earliest known skiing competitions

JOHNS A. (SNOWSHOE) THOMSON was a red-bearded miracle to the 3,000 people snowbound in Meadow Lake (formerly called Summit City), California in the winter of 1865-67. Embroiled by the Sierra, tunneling to one another's doors through snow which lay 25 feet deep in the main street, they were without mail, without any news of the world which lay behind a mountain wall. There was no way to get outside help in case of emergency. Their red-beard gold lay gaudily ridiculous beneath the white deluge. The nearest railroad terminated at Chico, 10 impassable miles away. But one December day some children climbed to the surface snow of the main street and looked to the mountains in the west. They spotted a small black figure scooping toward them over what had been a pun. Seeing that it was a man on Norwegian snowshoes, skis they cried: "Snowshoe Thomson! Snowshoe Thomson!" recognizing immediately theiving intent they had heard of but had never seen before.

That winter Thomson appeared in Meadow Lake every day, tuning out the mail as he blurred through town and up an incline which momentarily halted his furious downhill flight from Chico. For him it was merely a routine rap.

Thomson, born in Telemark, Norway, had tried both mining and farming in the Sierra, but neither quite satisfied his pioneering lustiness. In 1866 he began sking the mail from California to the mines snowed in in the Carson Valley for the winter. The route was unmarked, precipitous and practically devoid of life. It stretched 90 grueling miles round trip from Hangtown (now Placerville) to Genoa, in what was to become the state of Nevada (it was admitted to the Union in 1864). Thomson

completed the journey, round trip, in about five days. En route he ate only crackers and dry meat and drank melted snow. He slept in the open, with his head on the mailbag and his feet toward a burning pine stump.

Only part of Thomson's load (which sometimes weighed 100 pounds) was mail. In winter he supplied Nevada with needles, nails, kerosene and occasionally more exotic freight. He brought the type for the first edition of that famous Virginia City, Nevada

newspaper, *The Territorial Enterprise*. Thomson eventually settled in the Carson Valley, where he was venerated as a sort of Nordic snow god. During the long winters, when he was not busy with mail carrying, he challenged the California ski clubs then aborning to pit their best men against him in cross-country races. Since such contests, for Snowshoe, began with the descent of a precipice, the challenges were usually ignored. But those which were accepted produced the first formal ski competition known to have been held anywhere. It preceded by several years the first regularly held European meets, which began near Christiania (Oslo), Norway in 1862.

Sierra skiing, always adventurous, in those days was a reckless sport. Skis were fastened to the feet only by one strap and heel blocks. They did not respond to the turn of a foot as modern ones do. They were exceptionally long—Thomson's racing skis measured 12 feet long and 11 inches wide—and were treated with "dope," a substance similar to wax, to increase speed. With only a long pole to brake and guide them, these daring early skiers made a gay sport of what was actually a flirtation with death.

Eighteen years after Thomson began to carry the mails in the Sierra, the people of Nevada signed a petition designed to secure for him a \$5,000 payment from Congress for his services. (Although he had charged a dollar or two per letter in his early days, he often could not collect.) But Snowshoe died at the age of 49 on May 13, 1874, with very little money to show for all his trouble. He did, however, receive a tribute beyond price from the young Sierra civilization. The ladies of Genoa gave their best black velvet dress to line his coffin. **—S.M.B.**



HIS TOMBSTONE, with "Gone but not forgotten," kept him alive in Sierra hearts.



DELIVERING MAIL. From California to Nevada during the early-burly of Gold Rush days was only part of Sam Houston's job. He also carried medicines, tools, news to the inhabitants of the Sierra isolated by snow.

OLDTIME SKIERS used boards as long as 34 feet—more the length of the modern ski by twice. The extra length, plus a wide "V-shape," helped make possible speeds estimated at 40 miles an hour on steep patches of the Sierra.

SNOW PATROL

COMPILED BY MORT LUND

FAR WEST

Spokane Valley, Idaho Cars snowed on all trails last weekend with Maple Meadows, Pinedale, Carr and Noh 800 overflood. Valley arena—conditions mostly locked for coming weekend. Ski Shred Head Ave. Marlin's last out going for men's gray skis in the national slalom championship here. April 4 to 5, LS 81, ES 384, TD 12, TW 9, 4 TD 200, CW 1,000.

Sageo Bend, Idaho Best skiing of the year at area. Racers here for the Standard Eagle Race using mixers of Sierra Pivo and Race for speed. LS 120, ES 240, TD 20, TW 3, CD 200, CW 1,000.

Estancia, Idaho Skiing excellent on week's heavy fall of snow. LS 124, ES 154, TD 11, TW 3, CD 200, CW 1,000.

St. George, Idaho Mild weather provided good spring skiing on Thursday Mt. but beyond Beginner's Club's good rope tow areas to climb for lack of cover. High temperatures and more slides have thinned base considerably. LS 0, ES 0 to 12, TD 0, TW 0, CD 100, CW 300.

Yamato, Idaho Excellent spring skiing over weekend. All trails open. LS 90, ES 90, TD 3, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 1,000.

St. Baker, Wash. All runs and lifts operating. Week's snowfall deposited five feet of cover. Lodge buildings safe for full area after driving down from road. Areas Trail now parked out and skiers toward Arroyo Point and Shikane Ave. Mountain Cup won by David Barnard, CW 1,000.

Stewart Pass, Wash. Road closed because of slides for 100 straight days last weekend.

Sequoia, Wash. Heavy snowfall during week made skiing excellent. LS 220, TD 10, TW 10, CD 200, CW 1,000.

Big Bend, Ore.-Al Timberline, trails along lower chair were good where parked out; upper chair still buried under week's snowfall. Snow Gate taking skiers to 9,000 feet here for long runs in the lodge. TD 15, TW 1, CD 200, TW 1,000, 40,000 Camp. LS 150, ES 154, TD 0, TW 1, CD 100, CW 1,000.

Groves Mt., S.C. Skiing excellent; all facilities running Wednesday through weekend. Forecaster Ann giant slalom race and Groves Mountain Ski Raceway (juniors) will be held here March 18, ES 90 to 144, TW 144 to 200, TD 20, TW 0, 4 TD 200, CW 1,000.

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes; ES—depth of snow on upper slopes; TD—total snowfall during the week days; TW—total snowfall during the weekend; 4TD—total snowfall during the week; CW—total during the weekend; CD—closed lifts, trails or slopes

WEST

Aspen, Colo. Late winter skiing is best within several months here. Both lower and upper mountains have excellent conditions. Steve Remington won national veterans slalom title, with Curt Chase second. Barney Molloy took downhill, with Denver 11, 811 Jack R. Schaeffer second. Red Cup race here March 18 to 19, LS 20 to 25, ES 60 to 70, TD 0, TW 0 to 11, CD 200, CW 1,000.

Winter Park, Colo. Excellent, packed powder skiing before day weekend race. Chase repeated on all areas runs. LS 24 to 30, ES 60 to 62, TD 0, TW 4, CD 1,000, CW 1,000.

Keystone, Idaho Skiing excellent with lower slippy powder on most slopes. High temperatures brought some skiers out in bathing suits. Ski instructor David Thomas here last week. LS 180, ES 180, TD 5, TW 4, CD 200, CW 1,000.

Alta, Utah Skiing excellent on packed runs. Expanded area from road road. LS 124, ES 124, TD 2, TW 3, CD 200, CW 1,000.

San Vito, Idaho Skiing on Warm Springs Trail superb, with best of valley conditions. Grace Pacific and Todd-Ali both making moves here. On Dodge, ES 44, valley slope 21, On Dodge, ES 50, Roundhouse 28, TD 0, TW 0.

Justin Pt., N. Mex. Excellent skiing. Arroyo, Texas ski club was out as far as skiers last weekend. Skiers got early start on Jackson from golf on park. Area has doubled skiers over last year. LS 18 to 24, ES 34 to 45, TD 0, CD 200, CW 1,000.

Flagstaff, Ariz. Skiing excellent. All slopes and trails open. LS 60, ES 60, TD 0, TW 0, CW 1,000.

MIDWEST

Rego, Mo. Mike's Mountain built an open-snowed drive-over chair area and closed area road. Skiers parked on highway, skied a mile to lodge. LS 40, ES 11 to 24, TD 0, TW 0, 4 TD 100, CW 1,000.

Cherokee, Mich. Tremont national ski area maintained previous trails to give excellent skiing. CD 15, CW 1,000.

Iron Mt., Mich. Skiing excellent with heavy loads of powder over last base last weekend.

St. Fennell, Wis. Skiing good. LS 15, ES 0 to 15.

Terry Peak, N.Dak. Heaviest storm of year out 18 to 25 inches all cover on all slopes last week. LS 24, ES 24, TD 0, TW 10, CD 200, CW 1,000.

EAST

Stowe, Vt. Biggest snowfall since December smoothed trails with heavy coat of powder, brought excellent conditions for Stowe General. Heavy winds closed slopes that last weekend. Chelsea Lyons took carnival and slalom triple slalom event. LS 41, ES 60, TD 10, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 1,000.

Mad River Glen, Vt. All trails good to excellent last weekend, with upper trails waiting under heavy snow by last skiers. Robert Jones and son Fred took 1215 annual father-son race. Ted Henson and daughter Jean took father-daughter title. Jones family took Silver Bowl for fourth year. LS 10, ES 20 to 30, TD 0 to 10, TW 0, CD 200.

Big Bromley, Vt. Heavy snow during week gave area deepest-packed base on record. Upper trails closed the parking during weekend. LS 18 to 40, ES 18 to 40, TD 10, TW 3, CD 200, CW 1,000.

St. Ernie, Vt. Skiing excellent after week of powder snowfall. LS 25 to 45, ES 40 to 70, TD 10, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 1,000.

Highgate, Vt. Skiing good to excellent all week. Lower mountain cover over weekend. LS 18 to 40, ES 18 to 40, TD 0, TW 0, CD 200, CW 1,000.

Pico Peak, Vt. LS 10 to 20, ES 10 to 20, TD 10, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 1,000.

Sham, Vt. LS 7 to 12, ES 20 to 40, TD 11 to 20, TW 1 to 14, CD 1,000, CW 1,000.

Belmont, N.Y. Skiing on all trails good, but snow wet and heavy last weekend. LS 0 to 10, ES 0 to 10, TD 0, TW 0, CD 200, CW 1,000.

Green Ridge, N.Y. Area marked 100 days of skiing last week. LS 20, ES 40, TD 10, TW 0, CD 100, CW 1,000.

Eastern Slopes Region, N.H. Region had best skiing in three years after storm during week. On Crumner, LS 34 to 32, ES 10 to 32, ES 10 to 32, TD 10, TW 1, CW 1,000.

Canaan Mt., N.H. Best snow conditions of year last weekend. Ski area was closed because of high winds. All trails open and excellent. LS 0 to 40, ES 0 to 40, TD 10, TW 1, CD 100, CW 1,000.

Belmont, N.H. LS 12, ES 20, TD 10, TW 0, CD 100, CW 1,000.

St. Townsend, Que. Skier had 10 inches of snow on mountain, and weather conditions were best of year. LS 24, ES 30, TD 10 to 12, TW 0, 4 TD 200, CW 1,000.

Les Lacapelle, Que. Biggest storm of the winter put slopes and trails in excellent condition last week. LS 20, ES 10 to 40, TD 10.

St. Jerome, Que. LS 10, ES 60, TD 10, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 1,000.

NEW CARS - BARGAINS.



THE FACTS

Sir:

Thank you for your cool, accurate appraisal of the Santos thing (31, March 23, March 6 & 11). Your marksmanship, primarily as the part of journalistic objectivity, has been waited about my editor. Again, thanks for printing the facts.

STEVE AND DAVID STONE

Alhambra, Calif.

A VOICE FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Sir:

Thanks for your coverage of the Knights of Columbus mile race (31, March 12). I was one of the very few in the Garden that Saturday who did not go into wild cheering when Santos came on the scene. To me Santos is not now, never has been and never will be the runner he thinks he is. I saw him run in the California meets last spring, and a more convicted person I have never seen in the world of sports.

I loudly cheered Delany but I am afraid my voice was a bit drowned out by the booging. Once more, thank you for at least giving a report on the other side of the issue.

ALICE GOSWINE

New York

A COMPROMISE

Sir:

The amateur angle in our athletics is getting wider all the time. The trouble is, we are trying to compromise and it can't be done. You are either an amateur athlete or you are not. Apparently the only spot on the globe where the vineyard of amateur exists is in the British Isles. You may not accept even \$10 for expense money and still be an amateur.

Why not coin a word and call it semi-amateur athletics? A person who is given expense money to participate in a track meet is not, strictly speaking, an amateur; he is not a pro either, because he ostensibly does not make a living by it. He is in between, a semi-amateur.

We now have semi-amateur athletes. The AAU should recognize them as such. If they did, all this controversy about expense money would end, and so would all the badinage about amateur athletes. The Olympic Committee also should certainly recognize the semi-amateur status. They would be foolish not to. The Russians are most

assuredly using the semi-amateur status and are getting publicity and prestige for their successes in the Winter Olympics.

KENNETH R. PEARCE

San Antonio

NO COMPROMISE ALLOWED

Sir:

As an ex-college athlete I am much interested in the current dispute between Mr. Santos and the Amateur Athletic Union.

Because the AAU allows payment of perfectly legitimate expenses to athletes competing in sponsored meets, it has gotten itself into two highly uncomfortable positions. First, by allowing an athletic event to be run by a business organization (the sponsor of the meet), the AAU is in the entertainment and merchandising business. Secondly, by allowing expenses, it has been forced to state, in effect, that all athletes are equal but some are more equal than others. In other words, the man that pulls in the crowds are entitled to more expense than the little guys who provide the backbone. How much more expense is set in the hands of the AAU, but is up to the old law of demand and supply, which certainly has nothing to do with amateur athletics. There is only one Way Santos, and so long as the AAU allows payments and allows outsiders to run their meets the one and only Way Santos is worth a lot of money to the promoters, and everyone knows it.

If we believe in the concept of amateur sports, and it seems to me that the country by and large still does, then very plainly we must have an organization that not only lays down the rules but also schedules the events, fixes a stadium for them, transports, feeds and houses the competing athletes, supervises the events and sells the boys home again. This the AAU does not do; the AAU is the keeper of the flame of amateurism but leaves the dirty work of organizing athletic events to people who have no interest in, respect for and understanding of its sacred principles.

I suggest that from now on the AAU allows only its own officials to promote meets, pays competing athletes reasonable expenses from the proceeds and allows no one else to meddle in its business.

In order to do this successfully the AAU must whittle itself down from thousands

of regional and local "officials" who very often use their AAU connection to further their own business purposes to a handful of disinterested, uncompromising and hard-nosed officials who get paid well for the job and have the background to do it.

If this sounds like a contradiction, let me remind your readers, especially your Mr. Doyle (19th HOLE, March 12), that we pay our Supreme Court Justices, our President and our lawmakers, all of whom are engaged in the formation and supervision of objective principles.

H. G. J. BROWN

Presidents

BACK TO COLLEGE

Sir:

There is only one obvious solution to the "problem" of amateurism. All amateur competitions, especially track and field events, must take place on college campuses. The moment you "invite" amateur athletes to compete in closed halls, on pavements, housing arenas or wherever you are dealing with a professional event.

Since track and field meets with only the best athletes invited are so popular with the cash customers, why not hold them in football stadiums with the price of admission defraying traveling expenses of visiting athletes? What could be simpler? We need "The Greater Columbia River-Swift-Valley" (Valley of the Cowlitz Valley) Track and Field Carnival of Super Stars!

JOHN WILLIAM MCKENNAUGH

Grand Rapids

THE ATOMIC ATHLETE

Sir:

I think it is about time that strenuous-sportive Avery Brundage realized that we are not living in a dream world where the athlete is the ideal, red-blooded American boy. An athlete must earn a living, and a job usually requires nine or 10 hours a day, involving travel time. If the United States athletes are to approach the quality of the Russian athletes they will have to practice and practice hard. The Russian "amateur" athletes only work part of the day and have the remainder at their disposal for practice. Is it so wrong for United States athletes to accept constant expense money when they compete to offset the money lost while practicing at the expense of their jobs?

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



© Ayer

Mr. Santee was not working at the time of the races in question and so he had no income, but he still had expenses.

As long as the world continues to change as rapidly as it has been doing lately we must realize that the athlete is changing also. His-Vietnam alcoholics must seek in the Atlantic Age.

ROBERT BLOK

Philadelphia

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Sir: Together with thousands of other sports fans I feel that the AAU should clean up its own house before it starts chewing and at once. If Tony Danza with his bush-fart of thousands of dollars can remain an AAU official I shouldn't think that the man who runs the AAU would want to quibble over Santee's few cents. . . .

AARON AARON

New York

TIME FOR A CHANSET

Sir: I think SI is straddling the fence in this AAU-Santee fight. I do not think that SI's stand, which in effect says: "There is a little bad and a lot of good in the AAU and a little good and a lot of bad in Santee," resolves anything. If the AAU is at the mercy of thousands of its own bunking and selfish officials, then it's time to create a better pecking and policy body for amateur sport in this country.

Yes Santee cannot be expected to respect the amateur code if he cannot respect the people who respect it—administration.

HERBERT LANTIER

Atlanta

● SI stated the issue succinctly by pointing out (E & D, March 5) that the most significant thing about the AAU decision was not the banishment of Santee—other great athletes have been banished before—but its disavowal of certain meet officials and its announced intention to investigate and control abuses in the amateur code. Santee's ruined ambitions are a matter for sincere regret but the AAU action should be recognized as perhaps the first step in preventing even worse corruption of amateur ideals. —ED.

FISHERMAN WILLIAMS

Sir: We have read A. Dool on the Dec. 24, March 3, with great interest. We both are great admirers of Ted Williams and Sam Sneed but feel that Williams never had a chance in the fishing contest. We have fished with Sam over a period of 20 years or more and know what kind of a fisherman he is.

Probably one of the reasons that Sam has turned to Florida for his fishing is the fact that he has caught all the fish there are to catch in the Jackson River.

GEORGE BOLLES
MAYNARD BILLES

Hot Springs, Va.

● "That's silly, that's so much hogwash," Ted Williams laughed when SI's reporter relayed the thoughts of Messrs. Felix and Hersh. "Anybody in the world knows I'm a better fisherman than Sneed. I'm better at spinning, I'm better at fly casting, I'm better at

rigging bait. There's no quires or quams about it. Just ask Jimmy Albright," he said, jabbing the reporter in the ribs.

Who is Jimmy Albright? The innocent reporter asked.

"The best guide in the Keys," Williams replied. "He's fished all the great fishermen, including me. He'll tell you how good I am."

Are you implying, the reporter asked cautiously, that you are the greatest fisherman in the world today?

Williams hesitated just a moment. "Well, I'm as good as anybody I can think of." Another brief pause. "And better than 99.99" of them. This Sneed business is foolish. Even Sam will tell you he's not in my class, and if you don't believe me just ask Jimmy Albright. If there's one thing I know how to do it's fish."

With that, Ted gave SI's reporter a long, hard look, took his turn in the batting cage and crushed the first ball pitched to right of the scoreboard, shattering a neon sign advertising the local power company. The sign had been set up only the previous evening. —ED.

A DUFFER LOOKS AT BOATS AND SKIS

Sir:

I don't suppose the history of sport has ever seen anything remotely like the fantastic boom in skiing and boating which has taken place in the U.S. in the last 10 years. It is too bad that the spirit and atmosphere in which these two great sports are carried out is so different.

I happen to be one of those who does both, and being a double duffer has opened my eyes. For the past three summers I have taken my boat and headed around Long Island Sound, banging into rocks, inadvertently plowing through sailboat races, bethelizing yacht club officials and marina owners with my inexperience and unawareness of custom and the right way to do things. In all this time and through all these mistakes I have always been made to feel welcome. Everybody has been infinitely tolerant of my blunders and has loaned me their backboards to help me and straighten me out.

I cannot say the same for skiing; in fact, quite the opposite.

Skiing seems to be shot through with class consciousness. I have repeatedly broken into the charmed circle of the old hands and a good 80% of the conversation at these occasions has consisted of gripes and complaints about how the novices and Sunday skiers were cluttering up the slopes and getting in the way of the experts. I recently had the temerity to go clear to the top of the mountain at a well-known skiing resort in the East. When I got there, neither my costume nor my technique marked me as anything but an awkward novice. A member of the ski patrol—supposedly the guardian of the slopes and ambassador of the sport—came up to me and haughtily "advised" me to ride the lift back down the mountain. When I asked him why, he said: "You beginners fall down all the time and scrape the snow off the slope for us good skiers." Naturally, I didn't go down

—continued on next page

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continued from page 68

the left and I took pains to scrape away a good deal of snow.

There is a big difference in the spirit and atmosphere which pervades America's two great new mass sports, and I think it is a trying shame.

PHILIP H. WOOLTON JR.

New York

A BIGGER TIGER!

SINCE

John Huston is wrong in considering the Bengal tiger the world's largest (7 *Nat'l. Geogr. Magazine*, March, 68, Feb. 27).

One of the tigers he hunted in Siam during the first World War was that the Amur tiger, ranging from the Amur River country down through the Ussuri Valley and into the mountains of Korea, was half again as large as the Bengal tiger and far more brilliant in coloring. Karl Hagenbach, the animal dealer, had a hunting station in Iman in the Ussuri Valley. He captured and placed in the Vladivostok zoo five magnificent specimens of Amur tigers. A Bengal tiger, by comparison, looked almost insignificant.

KENNETH ROBERTS

Kennebunkport, Maine

■ Mr. Roberts, the author of several distinguished historical novels, is correct in assuming the Siberian tiger *Panthera tigris ussuricus* to be an overall larger animal than his Bengal cousin *Panthera tigris tigris*, but no individual Bengali can outweigh individual Amurs, depending in part on the range conditions, food supply and time of year. Unfortunately there is no record book of Asiatic game comparable to the Boone & Crockett records on North American big game since Ronald Ward, Ltd. stopped

publishing its *Records of Big Game* in 1935. However, on Nov. 29, 1954 the Maharajah of Mysore claimed a world record with a Bengal tiger "well over 200 pounds."—EJA

SEE HOW THEY RUN

SINCE

In your handsome issue of February 29, you note that the Russian trotters were assisted by the French horses at Vincennes and that it finally dawned on the Russian drivers and trainers that French horses might be able to run faster than the trotters from the USSR. This was also a source of some surprise to me. While I was covering Russia during the war, I was privileged to see the Soviet trotters being trained near Khabarovsk on the Volga. They had been evacuated there from all parts of the Soviet Union and were surprisingly well-fed and conditioned despite the fact that the Germans were hammering on the gates of Moscow. The Russian handlers were anxious to inform me that their trotters were mostly of Hambroviator and Hannover lines and that they had been fortunate enough to import a number of stall horses from the U.S. in 1938. Of course, if there is one thing the Russians do know, it is horses, if not machines. So it was probably startling to them too, that some of America's best blood lines should have been beaten by the French.

Although you are more correct in having a week than you do in this country in a year, the Communists seem to consider that racing is as important as golf. The workhorses of Russia, as well as the mount for their famed Comrades-in-Arms, come mainly from the steppe pony, a hardy, shaggy and thrifty little animal slightly smaller than our American Mustang. The Russians have developed a hard-earned by crossing the steppe pony with Arab Thoroughbreds obtained from England in pre-revolutionary days. This is called the Anglo-Don and is much loved as a personal mount by Soviet army generals. A fine white Anglo-Don was presented to General Omar Bradley at the April, 1945



"Oh, oh!"

Elbe River meeting of the armies. He informed me that he was unfortunately forced to leave it in Europe.

LARRY LESTER
CBS News

New York

SHOULD HE NOT DO SOMETHING?

Sir:

I have read with a good deal of interest your article about the Beaverkill (81, Feb. 23). I fished this wonderful trout stream first in 1906 and from time to time until 1930. I used to stop at John Chismers' and later at Murray Davidson's, close to the old covered bridge.

I am shocked to learn that garbage dumps are common along the banks of this beautiful stream and should think that New York State could do something about this.

Is your present governor a fisherman?
RALPH E. WHITNEY
Martinsville, Va.

■ In a "scouting report" of the 1958 Presidential candidates, 83 said (Jan. 2): "Governor Averell Harriman . . . repatch bridge players, skier, bass fisherman."—ED.

HEAR THIS ONE, AMERICA

Sir:

Sparto Grey Harkle's *The Sound of the Decorated Skier* is a beautiful work of writing and a cry of pain for the America that all too soon will vanish.

The people who were given the trust to keep our fields, woods, hills and streams from being swallowed by the onslaught of civilization are not sufficiently interested.

Everybody claims they love this great land of ours—but where is their love? Everyone looks forward to a day in the country, but not enough to insure the day over and over through the years.

Hear this cry of anguish, America, for soon you will be able to reach places you have only read about—only to find the skeletons of what once were silent prayers.

WALTER M. NOBLE

Boston

IF I WERE THE SANITATION DEPARTMENT

Sir:

It is awful that a once beautiful river like the Beaverkill is now just a garbage dump. I just can't see why people insist on ruining the beautiful resources and natural wildlife of the United States. Where once lived trout and other healthy fish now flow a bunch of stinking carp. If I were any kind of official in the department of sanitation, I would place such a huge fine on dumping that nobody would ever try to chance it.

MIKE J. MARIN

La Grange Park, Ill.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MY INTEREST

Sir:

Seven years ago—I was 13 years old then—I caught my first trout about 100 yards below the old covered bridge on the Beaverkill. This kindled my interest in fish and wildlife, and now I am a student of wildlife conservation at the University of Maine.

I have often returned to the birthplace of my interest in fish. It amazes me to see such depletion in such a few years.

STANLEY B. TULIN

Orono, Maine



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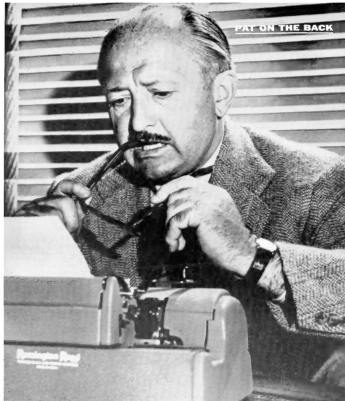
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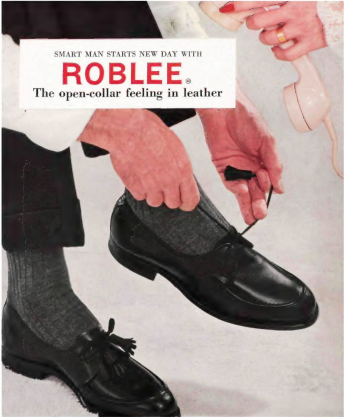
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DAN PARKER

For 10 years Dan Parker, 62, sports editor of the *New York Mirror*, has kept a loving and vigilant eye on boxing. No one in the daily newspaper field has been more pungently critical of the forces that have damaged the sport. This month, in recognition of Parker's late 1965 series, "They're Murdering Boxing," the *Mirror* received the N.Y. Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for crusading journalism.

It was the second Page One Award for Parker, who was honored a few years ago for campaigning consistently for decency in sports. Says Dan, a 6-foot-4½-inch heavyweight: "I think my series has contributed toward cleaning up boxing because it came at a critical time," i.e., after the appointment of Julian Holland, New York's aggressive new boxing commissioner, set the stage for long-needed action.



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